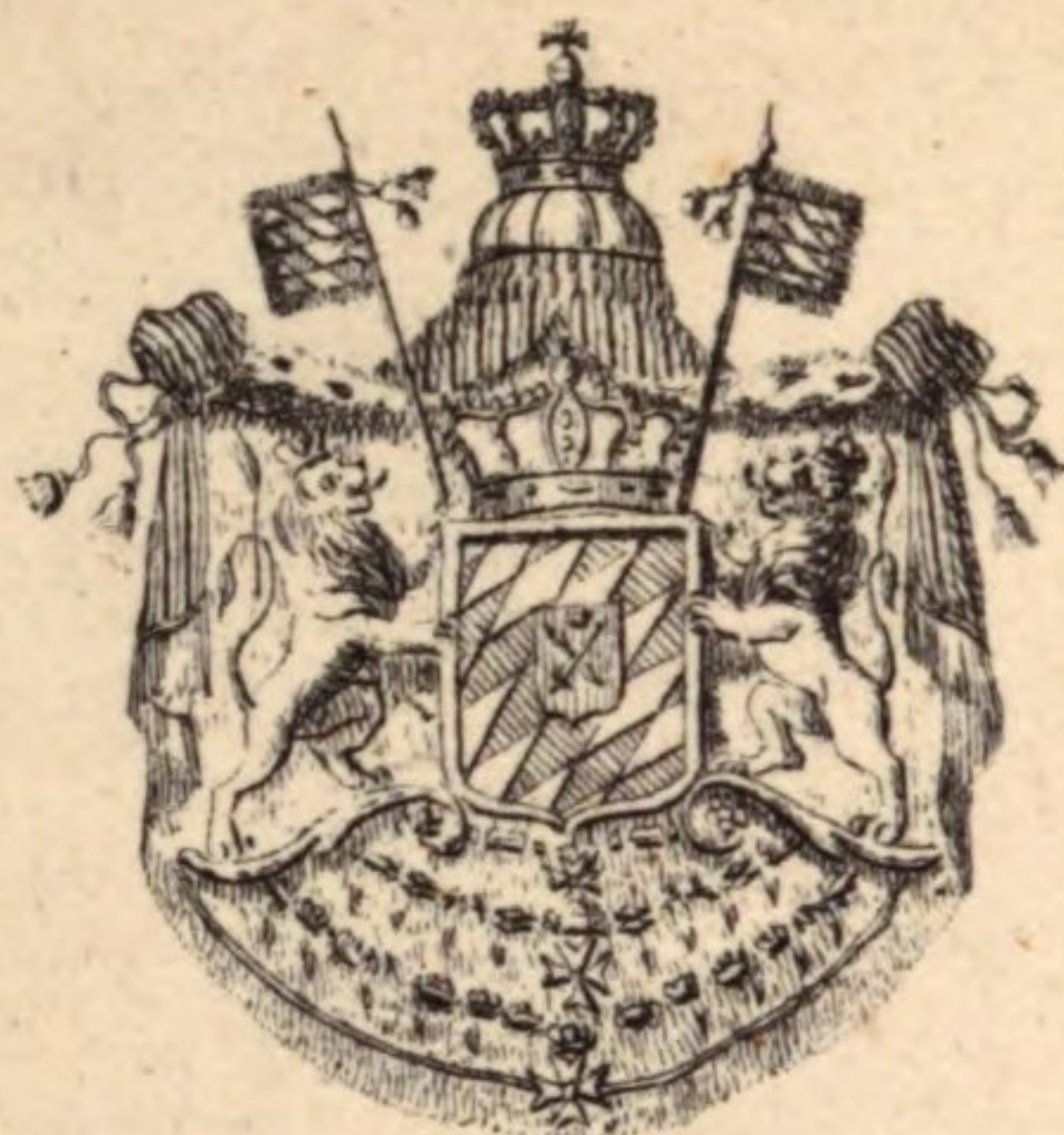




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Virgilius



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WORKS
OF
VIRGIL.

VOL. IV.

THE

W O R L D

OF

V I R G I L

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THE
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OF
VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE

By Mr. DRYDEN.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

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M DCC LXXXII.



THE

AR G U M E N T

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

TURNUS takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships, (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans reduc'd to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity; and the conclusion of their adventures.



The Ninth Book of the

Æ N E I S.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The secret shade of his great grandfire sought.
Retir'd alone she found the daring man ; 5
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began.
What none of all the gods cou'd grant thy vows ;
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.
Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence ; 10
And, short of succours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains :
Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs,
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.

This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight, 15
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes;
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies.

Iris, the grace of Heav'n, what pow'r divine
Has sent thee down, thro' dusky clouds to shine? 20
See they divide; immortal day appears;
And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres!
With joy, these happy omens I obey;

And follow to the war, the god that leads the way.

Thus having said, as by the brook he stood, 25
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
Then with his hands the drops to Heav'n he throws,
And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confed'rates thro' the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining train: 30
Messapus leads the van; and in the rear,
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the rest:
Silent they move; majestically flow, 35
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far;
And the dark menace of the distant war.

Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,
Blackning the fields, and thickning thro' the skies. 40
Then to his fellows, thus aloud he calls,
What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm, arm, and man the works; prepare your spears,
And pointed darts; the Latian host appears.
Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend
The bulwarks, and secure their foes attend. 46
For their wise gen'ral with foreseeing care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful war:
Nor, tho' provok'd, in open fields advance;
But close within their lines attend their chance. 50
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command;
And surlily wait in arms the hostile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the rest,
A pye-ball'd steed of Thracian stain he press'd;
His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his crest. }
With twenty horse to second his designs, 56
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.

Is there, he said, in arms who bravely dare,
His leader's honour, and his danger share?
Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw, 60
In sign of war; applauding shouts ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,

He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And stops at ev'ry post; and ev'ry passage tries. 65

So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold;

He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;

His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain:

And impotent of anger, finds no way 70

In his distended paws to grasp the prey.

The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs

Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.

Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,

Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain: 75

Surveys each passage with a piercing sight;

To force his foes in equal field to fight.

Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies

Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies;

Close underneath the walls: the washing tide 80

Secures from all approach this weaker side.

He takes the wish'd occasion; fills his hand

With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand:

Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,

And ev'ry hand with kindled firs is arm'd. 85

From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly;

Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the sky.

What pow'r, O muses, cou'd avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact, thro' length of time obscure, 90
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'Tis said, that when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun. 95

Grant me, she said, the sole request I bring,
Since conquer'd Heav'n has own'd you for its king:
On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood:

And on the summit rose a sacred grove, 100

Where I was worship'd with religious love;

These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,

I gave the Trojan prince to speed his flight.

Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;

Let neither winds o'erfet, nor waves intomb 105

The floating forests of the sacred pine;

But let it be their safety to be mine.

Then thus reply'd her awful son; who rolls

The radiant stars, and Heav'n and earth controls;

How dare you, mother, endless date demand, 110

For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?

What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride
 Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
 Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
 The chief is landed on the Latian shore,
 Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
 At my command shall change their fading forms
 To nymphs divine; and plow the wat'ry way,
 Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea.

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
 The lake with liquid pitch, the dreery shore;
 And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother god:
 He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.

And now at length the number'd hours were come,
 Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
 When the great mother of the gods was free
 To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
 First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
 A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along:
 Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
 Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian quires:
 And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
 Both hosts in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.

O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear;
 And know my ships are my peculiar care.

With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors lanch at large, 140
Exalted each a nymph : forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.
No sooner had the goddesses ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient ships their haulfers break ;
And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main, 145
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again :
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes surpriz'd with wonder, stood aghast,
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste ; 150
Old Tiber roar'd ; and raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock ;
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke.
These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant, 155
And are by Jove for black presages sent.
He takes the cowards last relief away ;
For fly they cannot ; and, constrain'd to stay, }
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey. }
The liquid half of all the globe, is lost ; 160
Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.

Theirs is no more, than that small spot of ground,
 Which myriads of our martial men surround.
 Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
 'Twas giv'n to Venus, they should cross the seas: 165
 And land secure upon the Latian plains,
 Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
 'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy
 With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.
 Shall such affronts as these, alone inflame 170
 The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
 My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
 And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
 Was't not enough, that punish'd for the crime,
 They fell; but will they fall a second time? 175
 One wou'd have thought they paid enough before,
 To curse the costly sex; and durst offend no more.
 Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
 A slight partition, a thin interval,
 Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, tho' built
 By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt? 181
 Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
 To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
 Less than a thousand ships will end this war;
 Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare. 185

Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians join,
Nor these, nor those shall frustrate my design.
Let them not fear the treasons of the night;
The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onset shall be made in open light. 190
No wooden engine shall their town betray,
Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd, to the tenth tardy year.
Now, since the sun is rolling to the west, 195
Give me the silent night to needful rest:
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare,
The morn shall end the small remains of war.

The post of honour to Messapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls; 200
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand:
And twice seven hundred horse their chiefs command:
All clad in shining arms the works invest; 205
Each with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;
They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round:
With lights, and chearful fires renew the day;
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play. 210

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
Join works to works with bridges; tow'r to tow'r:
Thus all things needful for defence abound; 215
Mnestheus, and brave Seresthus walk the round:
Commission'd by their absent prince, to share
The common danger, and divide the care.
The soldiers draw their lots; and as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall. 220

Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance
To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus chance.
His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
His mother was a hunt'ress of the wood:
And sent him to the wars; well cou'd he bear 225
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear:
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send:
Beside him stood Euryalus his friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air could boast. 230
Scarcely had the down to shade his cheeks begun;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
And now were both by choice upon the guard.

Then Nisus, thus: Or do the gods inspire 235
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest:
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind. 240
Thou see'st the foe secure: how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires! the most in sleep supine
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie;
The wakeful few, the fuming flaggon ply:
All hush around. Now hear what I revolve; 245
A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both wou'd hasten his return:
If they confer what I demand, on thee,
(For fame is recompence enough for me) 250
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my passage guide.
Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind: 255
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field;

Not so my father taught my childhood arms, 260
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms ;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim ;
And think it over-fold to purchase fame. 265

Then Nisus, thus : Alas ! thy tender years
Wou'd minister new matter to my fears :
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust) 270
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance, as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war ;
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life ; I wou'd not perish all. 275
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date ;
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate :
To bear my mangled body from the foe ;
Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.
Or if hard fortune shall those dues deny, 280
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O let not me the widow's tears renew ;
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue ;

Thy pious parent, who for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily, 285
Her age, committing to the seas and wind,
When ev'ry weary matron staid behind.
To this Euryalus: You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot gain:
No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes 290
The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.
All creatures else forgot their daily care;
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share: 295
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful fate
In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.
They vote a message to their absent chief;
Shew their distress; and beg a swift relief.
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose, 300
Remote from clamour, and secure from foes.
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admission, eager to be heard: 305
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in;
Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.

Then Nisus thus. Ye fathers, lend your ears,
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years. 310
The foe securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine:
And where the smoke, in cloudy vapours flies,
Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,
Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide, 315 }
Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
Expect each hour to see him safe again,
Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may: 320
Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
For hunting in the vales we both have seen
The rising turrets, and the stream between:
And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford.
He ceas'd: and old Alethes took the word. 325
Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race:
While we behold such dauntless worth appear
In dawning youth; and souls so void of fear.
Then, into tears of joy the father broke; 330 }
Each in his longing arms by turns he took:
Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke,

Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompence of such desert, decree?
The greatest, sure, and best you can receive, 335
The gods, and your own conscious worth will give.
The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow;
And young Ascanius till his manhood owe.

And I, whose welfare in my father lies,
Ascanius adds, by the great deities, 340
By my dear country, by my household-gods,
By hoary Vesta's rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both; (on you my fortune stands,
That and my faith I plight into your hands:)
Make me but happy in his safe return, 345
Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
Your common gift shall two large goblets be
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery;
And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
My conqu'ring fire at sack'd Arisba gain'd. 350
And more, two tripods cast in antick mould,
With two great talents of the finest gold:
Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd Italy we reign, 355
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain,

Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young
[and fair,
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.
And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide. 365
From thee, heroick youth; be wholly mine:
Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend;
My life's companion, and my bosom friend;
My peace shall be committed to thy care, 370
And to thy conduct, my concerns in war.

Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd;
Whatever fortune, good or bad betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
No time shall find me wanting to my truth. 375
This only from your goodness let me gain;
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain)
Of Priam's royal race my mother came;
And sure the best that ever bore the name:

Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily cou'd hold 380

From me departing, but o'erspent, and old,

My fate she follow'd; ignorant of this,

Whatever danger, neither parting kifs,

Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave;

And, in this only act of all my life deceive. 385

By this right hand, and conscious night I swear,

My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.

Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place,

(Permit me to presume so great a grace)

Support her age, forsaken and distress'd; 390

That hope alone will fortify my breast

Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.

He said: The mov'd assistants melt in tears.

Then thus Ascanius, wonder-struck to see

That image of his filial piety; 395

So great beginnings, in so green an age,

Exact the faith, which I again engage.

Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim

Creüsa had; and only want the name.

Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have, 400

'Tis merit to have born a son so brave.

Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,

(My father us'd it) what returning here

Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share. 405

He said; and weeping while he spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade:
This was his gift: great Mnestheus gave his friend 410
A lion's hide, his body to defend:
And good Alethes furnish'd him beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate. 415
With prayers and vows, above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years.
And messages committed to their care.
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay; 421
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain:
They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain.
Who gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore:
Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore: 425
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medly of debauch and war they lie.

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Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the fight;
Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd : 430
There lies our way ; be thou upon the guard,
And look around ; while I securely go,
And hew a passage, thro' the sleeping foe.
Softly he spoke ; then striding, took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay :
His head rais'd high, on tapestry beneath, 436
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath :
A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd ;
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd,
Him, and his sleeping slaves he slew. Then spies 440
Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue lies :
His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
And his lov'd horses : last invades their lord ;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword : 445
The gasping head flies off ; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood :
Which by the spurning heels, dispers'd around,
The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong, 450
He slew ; and then Serranus fair and young,

From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it lasted 'till the day. 455

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold;
And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs 460
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebeſus, and Rhætus flew.

Oppress'd with heavy ſleep the former fall,
But Rhætus wakeful, and obſerving all, 465
Behind a ſpacious jar he ſlink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For as he roſe, it pierc'd his naked ſide,
And reeking, thence return'd in crimſon dy'd.
The wound pours out a ſtream of wine and blood,
The purple ſoul comes floating in the flood. 471

Now where Meſſapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and juſt alive.
The warrior-horſes ty'd in order ſed;
Niſus obſerv'd the diſcipline, and ſaid, 475

Our eager thirst of blood may both betray ;
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts : No more, my friend,
Here let our glutt'd execution end :
A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made : 480
The bold Euryalus, tho' loth, obey'd.
Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
A precious load ; but these they leave behind.
Yet fond of gaudy spoils the boy would stay
To make the rich caparison his prey, 485 }
Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay. }
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
This present Cedicus the rich, bestow'd
On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd : 490
And absent, join'd in hospitable ties ;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize :
Till by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd
He fell ; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body suits ; but suits in vain. 496
Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp ; and take the ready way. 500

But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd
Three hundred horse with Volscens for their guide.
The queen a legion to king Turnus sent,
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent:
And now advancing fought the leader's tent. 505
They saw the pair; for thro' the doubtful shade
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflexion play'd.
'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volscens, from the crowd,
These men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud: 510
Stand, stand: why thus in arms, and whither bent:
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight,
To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves tonight.
The speedy horse all passages belay. 515
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood;
Black was the forest, thick with beach it stood;
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn.
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey, 521
And fear, mis-led the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd:

And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd, 525
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd.
Till turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around ;
Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth, where shall I hope to find ? 530
Or what way take ! Again he ventures back :
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and list'ning hears the noise
Of trampling courfers, and the riders voice.
The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd 535
The foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd :
Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What shou'd he next attempt ! what arms employ,
What fruitless force to free the captive boy ? 540
Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
With odds opprefs, in such unequal strife ?
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook ;
And casting on the moon a mournful look,
Guardian of groves, and goddesses of the night, 545
Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright :
If e'er my pious father for my sake
Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make ;

Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs, with savage spoils; 550
Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and lanch'd the trembling spear.
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood, 555
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round, his eyeballs roll in death,
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd; a second jav'lin flies,
With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies; 560
This thro' thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound:
Nor knew to fix revenge: but thou, he cries, 565
Shall pay for both, and at the pris'ner flies
With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep despair,
That cruel fight the lover cou'd not bear:
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew. 570
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your swords alone
On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own.

He neither cou'd nor durst, the guiltless youth;
Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth!
His only crime, (if friendship can offend) 575
Is too much love to his unhappy friend,
Too late he speaks; the sword, which fury guides,
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast, 581
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd:
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd, 585
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd:
Volsens he seeks; on him alone he bends:
Born back, and bor'd, by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd: and kept him still in fight;
Then whirl'd aloft his sword, with all his might: 590
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke;
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon broke:
Dying he flew; and stagg'ring on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain:
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell; 595
Content in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends ! for if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live :
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies ;
And spread, where e'er the Roman eagle flies ! 600
The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest they found ; 605
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround :
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground. }
All knew the helmet which Meffapus lost ;
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed ; 610
And with the dawn of day, the skies o'erspread.
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.
When early Turnus wak'ning with the light,
All clad in armour calls his troops to fight. 615
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd ;
And his own ardor, in their souls inspir'd.
This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Nisus, and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears : A ghastly fight ; 620
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Mean time the Trojans run, where danger calls,
They line their trenches, and they man their walls :
In front extended to the left they stood :
Safe was the right furrounded by the flood. 625
But casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,
They saw the faces, which too well they knew ;
Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon hasty fame, thro' the sad city bears 630
The mournful message to the mother's ears :
An icy cold benumbs her limbs : she shakes :
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forfakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts : she rends her hair, 635 }
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears ;
Thus looks the prop of my declining years !
Was't on this face, my famish'd eyes I fed !
Ah how unlike the living, is the dead ! 640
And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiss from a departing son !
No look, no last adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent !

Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay, 645
To Latian dogs, and fowls he lies a prey !
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies :
To call about his corps his crying friends,
Or spread the mantle, (made for other ends,) 650
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.
Where shall I find his corps, what earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains ?
For this, alas, I left my needful ease, 655
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas !
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts :
Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
And send me thunder-struck to shades below ! 660
Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears :
Nor young Ascanius cou'd the fight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain :
But Actor and Idæus, jointly sent, 665
To bear the madding mother to her tent,
And now the trumpets terribly from far,
With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.

The soldiers shouts succeed the brazen sounds;
And heav'n, from pole to pole, their noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head, 671
And rushing forward, form a moving shed;
These fill the ditch, those pull the bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders, others scale the town.
But where void spaces on the walls appear, 675
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught by their ten years siege defensive fight;
They roll down ribs of rocks, and unresisted weight:
To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow; 681
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo.
But cou'd not bear th' unequal combat long;
For where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way, 685
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
No longer dare in a blind fight engage.
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow. 690
Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.

But brave Meffapus, Neptune's warlike son,
Broke down the palifades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town. 695

Calliope begin : ye sacred nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design :
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made :
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade.
What fame the soldiers with their captain share, 700
And the vast circuit of the fatal war.
For you in singing martial facts excel ;
You best remember ; and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams ; and of stupendous height ; 705
Art, and the nature of the place conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join ;
The wary Trojans obviate their design : 709
With weighty stones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,
Shoot thro' the Loopholes, and sharp jav'lines throw.
Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand,
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand :
It stuck, the fiery plague : the winds were high ;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry. 715
Contagion caught the posts : it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.

The Trojans fled; the fire pursu'd amain,
Still gathering fast upon the trembling train;
Till crowding to the corners of the wall, 720
Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound,
The dead, and dying Trojans strew the ground.
The tow'r that follow'd on the fallen crew, 724
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it slew:
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
All, the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only scape;
Sav'd how they know not, from the steepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth, 730
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
And sent her boasted bastard to the war:
(A privilege which none but freemen share.)
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield, 735
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
And rising, found himself amidst his foes.
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay: 740

And like a stag, whom all the troop furrounds
Of eager huntsmen, and invading hounds ;
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft, against the pointed spears :
So dares the youth, secure of death ; and throws 745
His dying body, on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet, by far,
Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidst the war :
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find. 750
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach,
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey,
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind,) 755
Fool, said the chief, tho' fleetest than the wind,
Coud'st thou presume to scape, when I pursue ?
He said, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling dastard : at the tug he falls,
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.
Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare, 761
Jove's bird comes sailing down, from upper air ;
Her crooked talons truss the fearful fray :
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.

So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb, 765
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward, with a barb'rous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.

The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw. 770

Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came

To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.

Two more young Liger and Asylas flew; 775

To bend the bow young Liger better knew:

Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.

Brave Cæneas laid Ortygius on the plain,

The victor Cæneas was by Turnus slain.

By the same hand, Clonis and Itys fall, 780

Sagar and Ida, standing on the wall.

From Capy's arms his fate Privernus found;

Hurt by Themilla first; but slight the wound;

His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,

He clapt his hand upon the wounded part: 785

The second shaft came swift and unesp'y'd,

And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side:

Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the rest, 790
In glitt'ring armour and a purple vest,
Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,
Bred by his father in the Martian grove:
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And sent in arms to purchase early fame. 795

Him, when he spy'd from far the Thuscan king,
Laid by the lance and took him to the sling:

Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew:

It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain: 800

The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.

Then young Ascanius, who before this day
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,
First bent in martial strife, the twanging bow;
And exercis'd against a human foe. 805

With this bereft Numanus of his life,

Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.

Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,

Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with
[a stride,

In these insulting terms the Trojans he defy'd. 810

Twice conquer'd cowards, now your shame is shown,
Coop'd up a second time within your town!
Who dare not issue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a shield.
Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force! 815
What gods, what madness hither steer'd your course!
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of fly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood; 820
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports, but what belong to war they know, 825
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town. 830
No part of life from toils of war is free;
No change in age, or diff'rence in degree.
We plough, and til in arms; our oxen feel,
Instead of goads, the spur, and pointed steel:

Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain; 835
Ev'n time that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind: nor can control
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey. 840
Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine:
In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female pride,
Your turbants underneath your chins are ty'd.
Go Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen; 845
Go, less than women, in the shapes of men.
Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
Where with unequal sound the flute invites.
Sing, dance, and howl by turns in Ida's shade;
Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade.

This foul reproach, Ascanius cou'd not hear 850
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almost join'd the horns of the tough eugh.
But first, before the throne of Jove he stood: 855
And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god.
My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed;
An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed;

A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head, 860
But with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing stands,
And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.

Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.

Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies 865

The feather'd death, and hisses thro' the skies.

The steel thro' both his temples forc'd the way:

Extended on the ground Numanus lay.

Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn; 869

The Phrygians, twice subdu'd, yet make this third

[return.

Ascanius said no more: the Trojans shake

The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take.

Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,

To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd; }

And thus the beardless victor, he bespoke aloud. 875

Advance illustrious youth, increase in fame,

And wide from east to west extend thy name.

Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe

To thee, a race of demigods below.

This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine. 880

From this beginning date the Julian line.

To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vast world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name. He said,
And plunging downward shot his radiant head; 885
Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight.
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal fight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
Now left to rule Ascanius, by his fire;
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs, 890
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years.
Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
The warlike prize thou hast already won:
The god of archers gives thy youth a part 895
Of his own praise; nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more. He said, and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow. 900
Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themselves no danger shun:
From wall to wall, the shouts and clamours run:

They bend their bows, they whirl their slings around:
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;
And helms, and shields, and rattling arms resound. }
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry kids arise:
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main, 910
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain.
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hieras to bold Alcanor bare 915
On Ida's top, two youths of height and size,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise:
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's command, 920
Arm'd on the right, and on the left they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn; 925
And overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod:
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free.

Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus rushing on, 930
 Equicolus, that in bright armour shone,
 And Hæmon first, but soon repuls'd they fly,
 Or in the well-defended pass they die.

These with success are fir'd, and those with rage;
 And each on equal terms at length engage. 935
 Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
 The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
 When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;
 The foes had left the fastness of their place, 940
 Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chace.

He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
 Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.

The first he met, Antiphates the brave,
 But base begotten on a Theban slave; 945
 Sarpedon's son he flew: the deadly dart
 Found passage thro' his breast, and pierc'd his heart.

Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood;
 Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.

Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies, 950
 And Meropes, and the gigantick size
 Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent eyes.

Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd,
 A dart were lost within that roomy breast;

But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong; 955
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
Down sunk the monster bulk, and press'd the ground:
His arms and clatt'ring shield, on the vast body found.
Not with less ruin, than the Bajan mole, 961
(Rais'd on the seas the surges to control,)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies; 965
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.
The frightened billows roll, and seek the shores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw, that shakes the land. 970
Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.

The warrior-god the Latian troops inspir'd;
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright: 975
Then black despair precipitates their flight.

When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear, and wild confusion fill'd,

He turns the hinges of the heavy gate 979

With both his hands; and adds his shoulders to the
[weight.

Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;

The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd.

Fool as he was, and frantick in his care,

T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.

He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold; 985

Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.

Too late his blazing buckler they descry;

And sparkling fires that shot from either eye:

His mighty members, and his ample breast,

His rattling armour, and his crimson crest. 990

Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;

All but the fool who fought his destiny.

Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd

For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud.

These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town 995

Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:

'Tis hostile earth you tread; of hope bereft,

No means of safe return by flight are left.

To whom with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,

Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate: 1000

My message to the ghost of Priam bear,

Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there.

A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew,
With his full force he whirl'd it first around; 1005
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound :
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before ;
And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.

But hope not thou, said Turnus, when I strike,
To shun thy fate, our force is not alike : 1010
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god :
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood :
And aim'd from high : the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardless cheeks in two :
Down sinks the giant with a hund'ring sound, 1015
His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground ;
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping
[wound.]

Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides ;
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate : 1020
And had the victor then secur'd the gate,
And, to his troops without, unclos'd the bars ;
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
Push on his fury, to pursue the crowd ; 1025

Hamstring'd behind unhappy Gyges dy'd ;
Then Phalaris is added to his side :
The pointed jav'lines from the dead he drew,
And their friends arms against their fellows threw.
Strong Halys stands in vain ; weak Phlegys flies ; 1030
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall ;
(Engag'd against the foes, who scal'd the wall :)
But whom they fear'd without, they found within :
At last, tho' late, by Linceus he was seen. 1035
He calls new succours, and assaults the prince,
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggressor flew.
He joints the neck : and with a stroke so strong 1040
The helm flies off ; and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts, invenom'd, and in poison skill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
And Cretus, whom the muses held so dear : 1045
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight :
Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.

Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train, 1050
Whom brave Sereesthus and his troop sustain.

To save the living, and revenge the dead :

Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.

O, void of sense and courage, Mnestheus cry'd,

Where can you hope your coward heads to hide? 1055

Ah, where beyond these rampires can you run !

One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun !

Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,

And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host ?

Forfaking honour, and renouncing fame, 1060

Your gods, your country, and your king you shame.

This just reproach their virtue does excite,

They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.

Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield :

But with slow paces measure back the field ; 1065

And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,

Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.

The more he loses, they advance the more ;

And tread in ev'ry step he trod before. 1069

They shout, they bear him back, and whom by might

They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

As compass'd with a wood of spears around,

The lordly lion still maintains his ground ;

Grins horrible, retires, and turns again ;
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane ;
He loses while in vain he presses on, 1076
Nor will his courage let him dare to run :
So Turnus fares, and unresolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.
Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews, 1080
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues :
But now they swarm ; and with fresh troops supply'd,
Come rolling on, and rush from ev'ry side.
Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
Dares with new strength suffice, th' exhausted store.
For Jove, with four commands, sent Iris down, 1086
To force th' invader from the frightened town.

With labour spent, no longer can he wield
The heavy fauchion, or sustain the shield :
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
The weapons round his hollow temples ring : 1091
His golden helm gives way : with stony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
His crest is rash'd away, his ample shield
Is falsify'd, and round with jav'lins fill'd. 1095

The foe now faint ; the Trojans overwhelm :
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.

Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at ev'ry pore,
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er.
Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes, 1100
And vain efforts, and hurtless blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god, the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore:
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast; 1105
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.



Back went Lucius, he drops at every point,
 When diving dull his cheeks are puffed o'er.
 Shorter and shorter every gasp he takes,
 And vain efforts, and helpless blows he makes.
 As he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
 Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
 The yellow god, the welcome-bathed bore,
 And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore:
 Then gently wafts him to the further coast, 1105
 And lends him tale to cheer his anxious host.



THE

TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEID.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

JUPITER calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is describ'd as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth: The different actions and death of these two, are the subject of a noble episode.



The Tenth Book of the

Æ N E I S.

THE gates of heav'n unfold; Jove summons all
The gods to council in the common hall.

Sublimely seated he surveys from far

The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;

And all th' inferior world: from first to last 5

The sov'reign senate in degrees are plac'd.

Then thus th' almighty sire began. Ye gods,

Natives, or denizons, of blest abodes;

From whence these murmurs, and this change of

[mind,

This backward fate from what was first design'd? 10

Why this protracted war? When my commands

Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.

What fear or hope on either part divides
Our heav'ns, and arms our pow'rs on diff'rent fides?
A lawful time of war at length will come, 15
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom,)
When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome:
Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains;
And like a flood come pouring on the plains.

Then is your time for faction and debate, 20
For partial favour, and permitted hate.

Let now your immature diffension cease:
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely Venus thus replies at large. 25

O pow'r immense, eternal energy!

(For to what else protection can we fly,)

Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare

In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?

How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train, 30

In shining arms triumphant on the plain?

Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;

And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:

The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erfloats,

With a red deluge, their increasing moats. 35

Æneas ignorant, and far from thence,

Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.

This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears, 40
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I thy daughter wait another wound.
Yet, if with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive; 45
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But if the gods their sure success foretel,
If those of heav'n consent with those of hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate 50
The pow'r of Jove, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of Eolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent; with Bacchanalian heat,
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet. 55
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames 60
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.

Imperial sway no more exalts my mind :
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heav'n was kind)
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race; 65 }
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive ;
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave) 70
Then, father, (if I still may use that name)
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
I beg you let Ascanius, by my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war :
Inglorious let him live, without a crown; 75 }
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate, but let me save the son.
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs ;
In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs
Obscurely let him rest ; his right resign 80
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his fire : 85

To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
To reach th' Italian shores: if after all,
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high desires, 90
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.

To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes before:

Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:

And must I own, she said, my secret smart? 95

What with more decency were in silence kept,
And but for this unjust reproach had slept.

Did god, or man, your fav'rite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?

By fate you boast, and by the gods decree, 100

He left his native land for Italy:

Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
Than heav'n inspir'd, he fought a foreign shore!

Did I persuade to trust his second Troy

To the raw conduct of a beardless boy? 105

With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,

And thro' the waves a wand'ring voyage takes?

When have I urg'd him meanly to demand

The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?

Did I or Iris give this mad advice, 110
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy:
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
Their native air, nor take a foreign law: 115
That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess give:
But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join.
Realms not your own, among your clans divide, 120
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
Petition, while you publick arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
'Twas giv'n to you, your darling son to shroud, }
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd; 125 }
And for a man obtend an empty cloud. }
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But 'tis my crime, the queen of heav'n offends,
If she presume to save her suff'ring friends. 130
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,
The soft recesses, and the sacred bow'rs.

Why do you then these needless arms prepare, 135
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began? 140
Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth rely'd:
Who promis'd, who procur'd the Spartan bride?
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate: 145
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause;
Just as they favour, or dislike the cause:
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try: 150
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand 155
With rev'rence, list'ning to the dread command:
The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)

Cœlestials ! your attentive ears incline ;
 Since, said the god, the Trojans must not join 160 }
 In wish'd alliance with the Latian line,
 Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate, }
 Tend but to discompose our happy state ;
 The war henceforward be resign'd to Fate. }
 Each to his proper fortune stand or fall, 165
 Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me ;
 And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
 Let these assault ; if fortune be their friend ;
 And if she favours those, let those defend : 170
 The Fates will find their way. The thund'rer said ;
 And shook the sacred honours of his head ;
 Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother god :
 Trembled the poles of heav'n ; and earth confess'd
 [the nod :]

This end the sessions had : the senate rise, 176
 And to his palace wait their sov'reign thro' the skies.

Mean time, intent upon their siege, the foes
 Within their walls the Trojan host inclose :
 They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry gate : 180
 Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

Th' Æneans wish in vain their wanted chief,
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief;
Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew: 185
Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Asius and Acmon: both th' Affaraci;
Young Hæmon, and tho' young, resolv'd to die.
With these were Clarus and Thymetes join'd; 190
Tibris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.
From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,
So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
His brother Mnestheus cou'd not more have done: }
Or the great father of th' intrepid son. 196 }
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;
And some with darts, and some with stones defend.
Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy. 200
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the crowd he shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry set, 205
Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poison arm'd: in Lydia born,
Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn: 210
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.
There Capys, author of the Capuan name:
And there was Mnestheus too increas'd in fame: 214
Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame. }

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.
Mean time the hero cuts the nightly tide:
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He fought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief; 220
His name and country told, and ask'd relief:
Propos'd the terms; his own small strength declar'd,
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
What Turnus, bold and violent design'd;
Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of human kind, 225
And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware:
And to his wholsom counsel added pray'r.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs;
And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins. 229

They soon set sail; nor now the fates withstand;
Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.

Æneas leads; upon his stern appear
Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear;
Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.

Under their grateful shade Æneas fate, 235

Revolving wars events, and various fate.

His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,

And oft of winds enquir'd, and of the tide:

Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;

And what he suffer'd both by land and sea. 240

Now sacred sisters open all your spring,

The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing;

Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:

Their arms, their numbers, and their names declare.

A thousand youths brave Massicus obey, 245

Born in the Tiger, thro' the foaming sea;

From Asium brought, and Cosa, by his care;

For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts they bear.

Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;

His stern, Apollo's golden statue bore. 250

Six hundred Populonea sent along,

All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.

Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,

An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.

Asylas on his prow the third appears, 255

Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars:

From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with prefaging sounds.
A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
Sent by the Pisans under his command. 260

Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry field,
Proud of his manag'd horse, and painted shield.
Gravisca noisom from the neighb'ring fen,
And his own Cœre sent three hundred men:
With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave. 266

Thou muse the name of Cinyras renew;
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan. 270
Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,
Whose forms, and fortunes in his ensigns fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone;
Beneath the sister shades to sooth his grief: 275
Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief:
And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:
Upon his stern a brawny centaur stood, 280

Who heav'd a rock, and threat'ning still to throw,
With lifted hands, alarm'd the seas below :
They seem to fear the formidable fight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train, 285
Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry plain,
The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name,
An ancient city, but of mix'd descent,
Three several tribes compose the government; 290
Four towns are under each ; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezentius, arm'd five hundred more, }
Whom Mincius from his fire Benacus bore; 294 }
(Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead co- }
[ver'd o'er.) }

These grave Auletes leads. A hundred sweep,
With stretching oars at once the glassy deep :
Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
High on his poop the sea-green god appears :
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound, 300
And at the blast the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waist he shows,
A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows;

And ends a fish : his breast the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murm'ring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train, 306
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.

The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes, 310
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.

A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood :

But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep. 315

They know him from afar ; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.

Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast.

Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides 320
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides :

She spoke for all the choir ; and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man.

Sleeps our lov'd lord ? O goddess-born ! awake,
Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track ; 325

And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the sea :

Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then loos'd from shore we fled his fires profane;
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain) 331
And since have fought you thro' the Tuscan main.
The mighty mother chang'd our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd, 335
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd,
Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host
Advance in order on the Latian coast:
To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines. 340
Thou, whom the rosy morn restores the light,
First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight;
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.
To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain, 345
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain.
Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force,
Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course:
(For well she knew the way) impell'd behind,
The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind. 350
The rest make up: unknowing of the cause;
The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his eyes;
 Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
 With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill, 355
 Fierce tygers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
 Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
 And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.

He said no more. And now renewing day
 Had chas'd the shadows of the night away. 360
 He charg'd the soldiers with preventing care,
 Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
 Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bad 'em hope the
 [war.]

Now from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
 His camp encompass'd, and th' inclosing foe. 365
 His blazing shield embrac'd, he held on high;
 The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
 Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw
 Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
 Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise 370
 Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd;
 Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
 The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er;
 And the swift ships descending on the shore. 375

The Latians saw from far, with dazled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
And dart diffusive fires around the field;
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield. 379

Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,
Pale human kind with plagues, and with dry famine
[frights.

Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent: 385
And thus awakes the courage of his friends.

What you so long have wish'd, kind fortune sends:
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.

Yours is the day, you need but only dare: 390
Your swords will make you masters of the war.
Your fires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,
And dearest wives, are all within your hands.

Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
And emulate in arms your father's fame. 395

Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand
With feet unfirm; and prepossess the strand:

Fortune befriends the bold. No more he said,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:

Then these elects, the landing to prevent; 400
And those he leaves to keep the city pent.

Mean time the Trojan sends his troops ashore:

Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.

With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,

Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land. 405

Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,

And where no ford he finds, no water fries,

Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,

But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore;

That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command,

Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land: 411

Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound

This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.

Let me securely land, I ask no more,

Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore; 415

This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends,

They tug at ev'ry oar; and ev'ry stretcher bends:

They run their ships aground, the vessels knock,

(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.

Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood, 420

Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.

She breaks her back, the loosen'd fides give way,

And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.

Their broken oars, and floating planks withstand
Their passage, while they labour to the land; 425
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing tow'rs the margin of the sea.
The trumpets found: Æneas first assail'd 429
The clowns new rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd.
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight:
Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height.
He first in open fields defy'd the prince,
But armour scal'd with gold was no defence
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide 435
His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Next, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother rip'd and torn:
Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee,
For his beginning life from biting steel was free. 440
Not far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monst'rous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong;
Vain bulk and strength; for when the chief assail'd,
Nor valour, nor Herculean arms avail'd;
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go 445
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death,
Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.

Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom, 450
And fought with lust obscene polluted joys:
The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his seven bold brethren stop'd the course
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Sev'n darts are thrown at once, and some rebound 455
From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:
The rest had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates to supply
The spears that knew the way to victory. 460
Those fatal weapons, which inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contended plain.
He said: then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw; 465
Which, wing'd with fate, thro' Mæon's buckler flew:
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.
Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to sustain. 470
A second spear, which kept the former course,
From the same hand, and sent with equal force.

His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft

His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.

Then Numitor, from his dead brother drew 475

The ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw :

Preventing fate directs the lance awry,

Which glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,

And from afar, at Dryops took his aim. 480

The spear flew hissing thro' the middle space,

And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face :

It stop'd at once the passage of his wind,

And the free soul to flitting air resign'd :

His forehead was the first that struck the ground ; 485

Life-blood and life rush'd mingled thro' the wound.

He slew three brothers of the Borean race,

And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,

Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace. }

Halesus next, the bold Aurunci leads ; 490

The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,

Conspicuous on his horse : on either hand

These fight to keep, and those to win the land.

With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is dy'd,

While on its borders each their claim decide. 495

As wintry winds contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heav'n
Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield; 500
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can:
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But in another part, th' Arcadian horse,
With ill-success engage the Latian force. 505
For where th' impetuous torrent rushing down,
Huge craggy stones, and rooted trees had thrown:
They left their courfers, and unus'd to fight
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who with disdain and grief, had view'd 510
His foes pursuing, and his friends pursu'd;
Us'd threatnings mix'd with pray'rs, his last resource;
With these to move their minds, with those to fire
[their force,
Which way, companions! whither wou'd you run!
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won; 516
By my great fire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame;
By my youth emulous of equal right,
To share his honours, shun ignoble flight. 520

Trust not your feet, your hands must hew your way
Thro' yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis thro' that forward path that we must come:
There lies our way, and that our passage home.
Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below, 525
Oppress our arms; with equal strength we go;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we stand: a scanty shore;
The sea behind, our enemies before:
No passage left, unless we swim the main;
Or forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain. 530
This said, he strode with eager haste along,
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.
Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw;
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine, 535
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin:
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.
Hisbon came on, but while he mov'd too slow
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow; 540
For warding his at once, at once he press'd;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.

Then leud Anchemolus he laid in dust,
Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust,
And after him the Daunian twins were slain, 545
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
So wond'rous like in feature, shape, and size,
As caus'd an error in their parents eyes.

Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The nice distinction, and their fate divides. 550
For Thimbrus' head was lop'd: and Laris' hand
Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:
The trembling fingers yet the fauchion strain,
And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain. 554

Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came,
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame. }

Then, with a casual blow was Rhæteus slain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain!
The flying spear was after Ilus sent, 560
But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras, and from Tyrus while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground. 565

As when in summer, welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,

And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast, 570

And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste: }

The pastor pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the fatiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite; 575
And pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood,
(But first collected in his arms he stood)
Advancing then he ply'd the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres fell: 580

Around his head he tofs'd his glitt'ring brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either eye, 585
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.

Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' fire,
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Destiny laid hold upon the son, 590

And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
 Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.
 Pallas th' encounter seeks, but ere he throws,
 To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:
 O sacred stream, direct my flying dart; 595
 And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart:
 His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear.
 Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his pray'r.
 For while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
 The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast. 600
 But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
 Permits not panick fear to reign too far,
 Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight:
 But by his own example cheers the fight.
 Fierce Abas first he slew, Abas, the stay 605
 Of Trojan hopes, and hind'rance of the day.
 The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain,
 They, and their mix'd allies, now lead the plain.
 To the rude shock of war both armies came,
 The leaders equal, and their strength the same. 610
 The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield
 Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
 Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there,
 Of equal youth and beauty both appear, 615
 But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.

Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.

With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd, 620

And making to his friends, thus calls aloud ;

Let none presume his needless aid to join ;

Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine :

To this right hand is Pallas only due :

Oh were his father here my just revenge to view !

From the forbidden space his men retir'd ; 626

Pallas, their awe, and his stern words admir'd :

Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,

Struck with his haughty mien, and tow'ring height.

Then to the king ; your empty vaunts forbear ; 630

Success I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.

Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name :

Jove is impartial, and to both the same.

He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace ;

Pale horror sat on each Arcadian face. 635

Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,

Address'd himself on foot to single fight.

And, as a lion, when he spies from far

A bull that seems to meditate the war ;

Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand, 640
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand :
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance; 645
Prepares to charge him first : resolv'd to try
If Fortune wou'd his want of force supply.
And thus to heav'n and Hercules address'd,
Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,
His son adjures you by those holy rites, 650
That hospitable board, those genial nights ;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain request ;
Alcides mourn'd ; and stifled sighs within his breast ;
Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began, 656
Short bounds of life are set to mortal man. }
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span. }
So many sons of gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light: 660
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
Nor I, his mighty fire, cou'd ward the blow.
Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath ;
And stands already on the verge of death.

This said, the god permits the fatal fight, 665
But from the Latian fields averts his fight.

Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw;
And having thrown, his shining fauchion drew:
The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point. 670
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
And pois'd his pointed spear before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whiz'd along;
See now, said he, whose arm is better strung.
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd 675
By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:
Thro' folded brass, and tough bull-hides it pass'd,
His croset pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood: 680
He falls; his arms upon his body sound;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corps: Arcadians hear,
Said he; my message to your master bear:
Such as the fire deserv'd, the son I send: 685
It costs him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow
Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below.

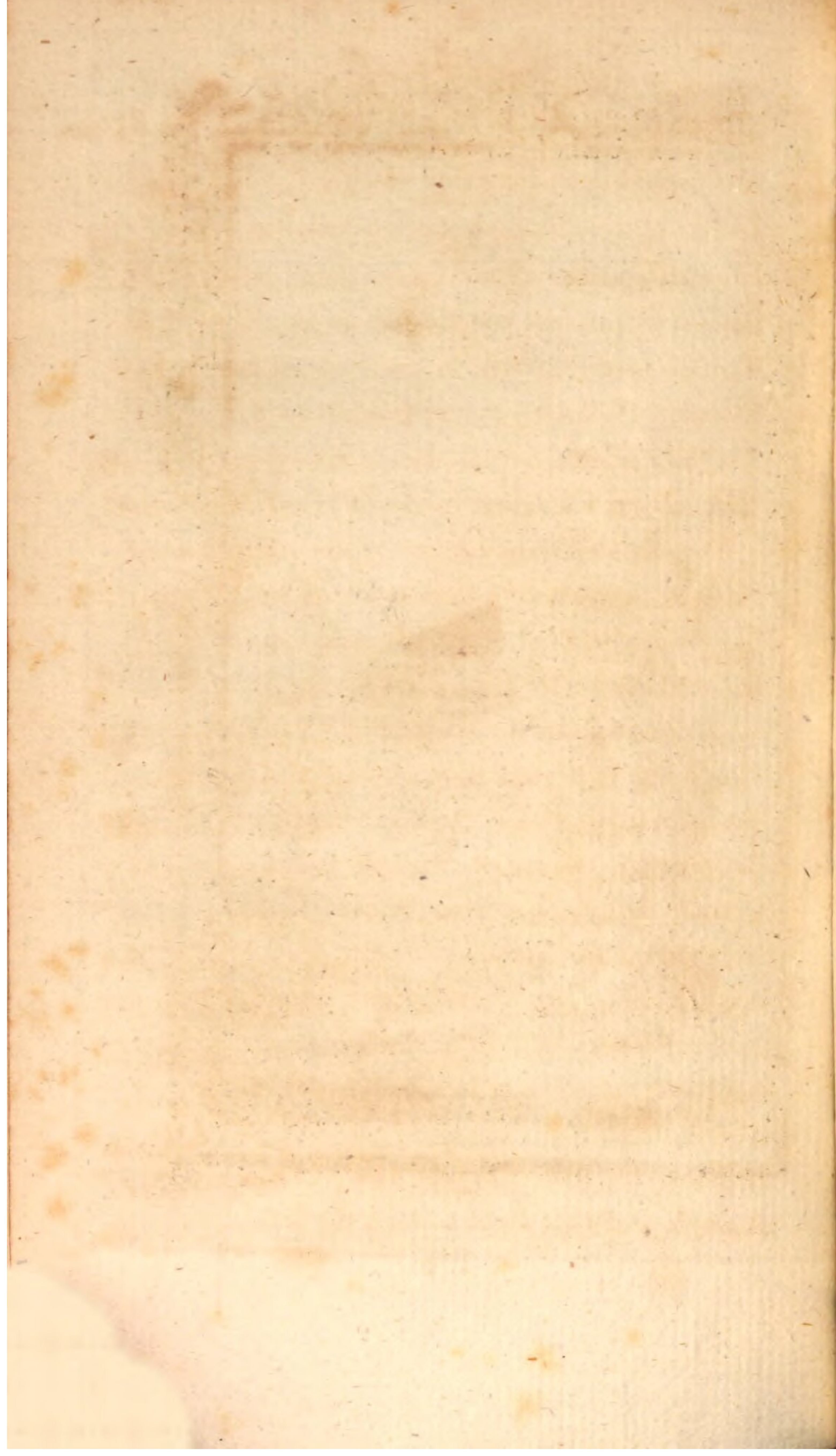
He said, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse: 690
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made:
Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to fight,
All, in the compass of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light. 695

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain, 700
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain:
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away;
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Arcadians from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathless body on a shield. 705
O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd
With praises to thy fire, at once deplor'd.
One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd; 710
One day beheld thee dead, and born upon thy shield.
This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
But sad spectators, to the hero came:



J. Collyer sculp.



His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.

He whirls his sword around, without delay, 715

And hews through adverse foes an ample way ;

To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud :

Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd

To large deserts, are present to his eyes ;

His plighted hand, and hospitable ties. 720

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,

He took in fight, and living victims led,

To please the ghost of Pallas ; and expire

In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.

At Magus next he threw : he stoop'd below 725

The flying spear, and shun'd the promis'd blow.

Then creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd :

By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,

O spare my life, and send me back to see

My longing fire, and tender progeny. 730

A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,

In silver ingots, and in bars of gold :

All these, and sums besides, which see no day,

The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.

If I survive, shall Troy the less prevail ? 735

A single soul's too light to turn the scale.

He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd :
Thy bars, and ingots, and the fums beside,
Leave for thy childrens lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war, by one relentless stroke, 740
When Pallas fell : so deems, nor deems alone,
My father's shadow, but my living son.
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left :
Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining fauchion sheath'd. 746

Apollo's priest, Hæmonides was near,
His holy fillets on his front appear ;
Glitt'ring in arms he shone amidst the crow'd ;
Much of his god, more of his purple proud : 750
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd thro' the field,
The holy coward fell : and forc'd to yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest ; and at one blow,
Sent him an off'ring to the shades below.
His arms Seresthus on his shoulders bears, 755
Design'd a trophæe to the god of wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight ;
And Umbro born upon the mountain's height.
The champion cheers his troops t'encounter those ;
And seeks revenge himself on other foes. 760

At Anxur's shield he drove, and at the blow,
Both shield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms;
So made by mutter'd spells: and from the spheres, 765
Had life secur'd in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.
Exulting in bright arms he braves the prince;
With his protended lance he makes defence: 770
Bears back his feeble foe; then pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down.
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment stood, 775
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain;
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home: 780
Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey;
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.

On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.

They fled for fear; with these he chas'd along, 785
Camers the yellow-look'd, and Numa strong,
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young:
Camers was son to Volscens lately slain;
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign. 790

And as Ægean, when with heaven he strove,
Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires, 795
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires:
In his right hand as many swords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many shields:
With strength like his the Trojan hero stood, 799
And soon the fields with falling crops were strow'd,
When once his fauchion found the taste of blood.
With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.
They when they see the fiery chief advance,
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance; 805
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
They drew their master headlong from the chair:
They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now Lucagus, and Liger scour the plains, 810
With two white steeds, but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains. }

Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming sword; Æneas couch'd his spear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear. 815 }

Then Liger thus. Thy confidence is vain
To scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:

Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:

Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield: 820
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.

Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his answer with his flying spear.

As Lucagus to lash his horses bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends, 825

Prepar'd for fight, the fatal dart arrives,
And thro' the border of his buckler drives;

Pass'd thro' and pierc'd his groin; the deadly wound,
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground,

Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spight:
Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight; 831

Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat:
But you yourself forsake your empty seat.

He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein,
(For Liger lay already on the plain 835
By the same shock) then stretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands.
Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee spare 840
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r.
Thus much he spoke, and more he wou'd have said,
But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
And cut him short. I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began; 845
Now take your turn: and, as a brother shou'd,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
Then thro' his breast his fatal sword he sent,
And the soul issu'd at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground, 850
Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around:
At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.
Mean time the king of gods and mortal man,
Held conf'rence with his queen, and thus began: 855
My sister-goddeſs, and well-pleaſing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid ſupports the ſtrife;

Sustains her Trojans, or themselves alone,
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd ! 860
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone submissively replies.
Why, O my sov'reign lord, whose frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear ; 865
Why urge you thus my grief ? when if I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will :
From your almighty pow'r, your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of length'ning Turnus' life :
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight, 870
And give him to his aged father's fight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name, 874
And in the fourth degree, from god Pylumus came !
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine.

Then shortly thus the sov'reign god reply'd ;
Since in my power and goodness you confide ;
If for a little space, a lengthen'd span, 880
You beg reprieve for this expiring man :

I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.

But if some secret meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death: 885

Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.

To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes.

And what if that request your tongue denies,
Your heart shou'd grant? and not a short reprieve, 890

But length of certain life to Turnus give.

Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,

If my presaging soul divines with truth.

Which, O! I wish might err thro' causeless fears,

And you, (for you have pow'r) prolong his years. 895

Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,

And drives a storm before her thro' the skies.

Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,

Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.

Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made, 900

And what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade.

Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore

His head aloft, a plummy crest he wore:

This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,

And that sustain'd an imitated shield: 905

With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting sound.

(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)

The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare, 910
And flourishes his empty sword in air:

At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his spear;
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.

Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed. 915

Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud;)

Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you fought so long by sea.

He said, and brandishing at once his blade, 920
With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.

By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old Clusium king Osinius bore:

The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent: 925 }
And skip'd and sculk'd, and under hatches went. }

Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste
Ascends the plank, and to the gally pass'd:

Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The haulfers cuts, and shoots the ship from land. 930

With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Mean time Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.

The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud, 935
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then thankless for a life redeem'd by shame;
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame, 940
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
His hands, and haggard eyes to heav'n he cast.
O Jove! he cry'd, for what offence have I
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?
Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I born, 945
How, and with what reproach shall I return!
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty tow'rs again?
What will they say of their deserting chief?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief: 950
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
There scatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly. 954

Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, oh ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve;
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive:
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more:
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious fame, 960
Lest she shou'd follow, and my flight proclaim.

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates resolv'd,
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
And now the sword, and now the sea took place:
That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace. 965
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain:
Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;
But Juno mov'd with pity both withstood:
And thrice repress'd his rage: strong gales supply'd,
And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide. 971
At length she lands him on his native shores,
And to his father's longing arms restores.

Mean time, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd:
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd 975
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire,
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire

Of wish'd revenge : on him, and him alone, 980
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd ;
From his proud summit looking down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains. 985

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus ; and Palmus as he fled :
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung,
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound, 990
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground :
His crest and armour from his body torn,
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.
Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he slew,
Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew : 995
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his fire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,
Unthinking Mymus on the Latian plain.

And as a savage boar on mountains bred, 1000
With forest mast, and fatning marshes fed ;
When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,
By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd :

He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war :
Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from afar; 1005
All keep aloof, and safely shout around,
But none presumes to give a nearer wound.
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his side :
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd 1010
And just revenge, against the tyrant fir'd;
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive :
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummated
[night.]

Mezentius sees him thro' the squadrons ride, 1016
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.

Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat, who frisks about the folds :
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain : 1020
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane ;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws ;
He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore :
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes, 1026
And first unhappy Acron overthrows :

Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground,
The lance besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the
[wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd 1030
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursu'd :
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
Then turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace. 1035
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd :
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
And rested lance : and thus aloud he cries,
Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.
The fields around with Iö Pæan ring, 1040
And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophecy'd in death :
Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain ;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain. 1045
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd,
For what belongs to me, let Jove provide :
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue :
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew :
A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight, 1050
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Cadicus, Alcathous was slain;
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain:
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd. 1055
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master as he made a bound,
The chief alighting, stuck him to the ground. 1060
Then Clonius hand to hand, on foot assails,
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.

Agis the Lycian stepping forth with pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defy'd.
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame, 1065
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Antronus sent,
But the same fate the victor underwent;
Slain by Nealces' hand, well skill'd to throw 1069
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance;
Victors, and vanquish'd in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.

The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife, 1075
And mourn the miseries of human life.

Above the rest two goddesses appear

Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there:

Amidst the crowd infernal Atè shakes

Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes. 1080

Once more the proud Mezentius with disdain,

Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain:

Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,

Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood:

When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves, 1085

His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.

Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,

Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,

And dauntless undertook the doubtful war. 1090

Collected in his strength, and like a rock,

Poiz'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.

He stood, and measuring first with careful eyes,

The space his spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries;

My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke;

(Those only, gods, Mezentius will invoke) 1096

His armour from the Trojan pirate torn,

By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.

He said, and with his utmost force he threw
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew, 1100
Reach'd the celestial shield that stop'd the course;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The side and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far, 1105
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
Till tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
And in Evander's palace sought repose:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He casts to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and dies. 1110

The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent,
The shield gave way: thro' treble plates it went
Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,
And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course, 1115
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood;
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
His fauchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd. 1120

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief,
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.

And here, heroick youth, 'tis here I must
To thy immortal memory be just;
And sing an act so noble and so new, 1125
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his wound, and useles for the fight,
The father sought to save himself by flight:
Incumber'd, slow he drag'd the spear along, 1129
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, resolv'd on death below
The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow. }
Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield: 1135
All fir'd with gen'rous indignation strive;
And with a storm of darts, at distance drive
The Trojan chief: who held at bay from far,
On his vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.
As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind, 1140
The ploughman, passenger, and lab'ring hind
For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly;
Or, hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie:
But that o'erblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils: 1145

Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threatening
[cry'd.]

Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age, 1150
Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the ling'ring prince: whose patience tir'd,
Gave place, and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the fates prepar'd their sharpen'd sheers;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears. 1156
Which full descending, with a frightful sway,
Thro' shield and corset forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams thro' the thin armour strove, 1160
And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove:
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood, and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead; 1165
He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought.

Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store 1170

Of early worth, and sure presage of more!

Accept whate'er Æneas can afford,

Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword:

And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain

Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain. 1175

Thy body on thy parents I bestow,

To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,

Or have a sense of human things below. }

There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,

'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell. 1180

With this his distant friends he beckons near,

Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:

Himself assists to lift him from the ground,

With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out

[the wound.

Mean time his father, now no father, stood, 1185

And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:

Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,

His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.

A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,

His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain: 1190

A chosen train of youth around him stand,
His drooping head was rested on his hand:
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought,
And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent, 1195
He much enquir'd, and many a message sent
To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground. 1200
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he spread;
Last the dear corps embracing, thus he said. 1205
What joys, alas! cou'd this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life a ransom for preserving mine?
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost? 1210
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.

Or if inexorable Fate deny
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die :
For after such a lord, I rest secure, 1239
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load endure.
He said : and straight th' officious courser kneels
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills
With pointed jav'lins : on his head he lac'd
His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd
With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar ; 1245
Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war.
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,
Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast. 1250
Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name,
The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
Great Jove, he said, and the far-shooting god,
Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good.
He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear, 1255
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus. Thy vaunts are vain,
My Lausus lies extended on the plain :
He's lost ! thy conquest is already won,
The wretched sire is murder'd in the son. 1260

Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy,
Forbear thy threats, my bus'ness is to die;
But first receive this parting legacy.
He said: and straight a whirling dart he sent:
Another after, and another went. 1265
Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield:
Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd,
Turn'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withstood
The strokes; and bore about an iron wood. 1270
Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone:
To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
Urg'd, and o'er-labour'd in unequal fight:
At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force, 1275
Full at the temples of the warrior horse.
Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear
Made way, and flood transfix'd thro' either ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpriz'd with fright,
The wonted steed curvets; and, rais'd upright, 1280
Lights on his feet before: his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
His horse came after with unwieldy weight.

And flound'ring forward, pitching on his head, 1285
His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid.

From either host the mingled shouts, and cries,
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies:
Æneas hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word, 1290
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?

Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies.
Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
To souls undaunted, and secure of death. 1296

'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory:
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine. 1300

My dying son contracted no such band;
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue,
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due;
Refuse it not: but let my body have 1305

The last retreat of human kind, a grave.
Too well I know th' insulting people's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:

This refuge for my poor remains provide,
 And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side: 1310
 He said, and to the sword his throat apply'd.
 The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
 And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the
 [wound.



T H E

ELEVENTH BOOK

O F T H E

Æ N E I S.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

ÆNEAS erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is kill'd: and the Latine troops are intirely defeated.



The Eleventh Book of the

Æ N E I S.

SCARCE had the rosy morning rais'd her head
 Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;
 The pious chief whom double cares attend
 For his unbury'd soldiers, and his friend:
 Yet first to heav'n perform'd a victor's vows: 5
 He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
 Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
 Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd:
 The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
 Now on a naked shag in triumph born, 10
 Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
 A trophy sacred to the god of war.
 Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
 Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd with blood;

His brazen buckler on the left was seen ; 15

Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between :

And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd ;

And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.

A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man :

Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began. 20

Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success :

The greater part perform'd, atchieve the less.

Now follow chearful to the trembling town ;

Press but an entrance, and presume it won.

Fear is no more : for fierce Mezentius lies, 25

As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.

Turnus shall fall extended on the plain ;

And in this omen is already slain.

Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance :

That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance : 30

And I, at heav'n's appointed hour, may find

Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.

Mean time the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,

Due to your dead companions of the war :

The last respect the living can bestow, 35

To shield their shadows from contempt below.

That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought ;

And which for us with their own blood they bought.

But first the corps of our unhappy friend,
To the sad city of Evander send : 40
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom,
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay :
Accætes watch'd the corps ; whose youth deserv'd 45
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care :
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevell'd hair. 50
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry ;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground ;
But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore, 55
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore :
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began.

Unhappy youth ! when fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best ! 60
She came ; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success :

She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosp'rous valour, in the publick view.
Not thus I promis'd, when my father lent 65
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold: 70
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war;
A bloody breathless body: which can owe 75
No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the fun'ral honours of his son.
These are my triumphs of the Latian war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boasted care. 80
And yet, unhappy fire, thou shalt not see
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late, 85
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate.

But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground; 90
And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:

To bear him back, and share Evander's grief;
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief.)

Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier; 95

Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.

The body on this rural herse is born,
Strew'd leaves and fun'ral greens the bier adorn.

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,
New crop'd by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r: 100
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,

No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.

Then two fair vests, of wond'rous work and cost,

Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,

For ornament the Trojan hero brought, 105

Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.

One vest array'd the corps, and one they spread

O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head:

That when the yellow hair in flame shou'd fall,

The catching fire might burn the golden caul. 110

Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,
When he descended on the Latian plain :
Arms, trappings, horses, by the herse he led
In long array, (th' atchievements of the dead.)
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear 115
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear :
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood, the fun'ral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are born ;
Gantlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn ; 120
And fair inscription's fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.

Accetes on his pupil's corps attends,
With feeble steps ; supported by his friends :
Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow drown'd, 125
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground.
Where grov'ling, while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state, 131
Is led, the fun'ral of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a fullen pace
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.

The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest, 135
Are born behind ; the victor seiz'd the rest.

The march begins : The trumpets hoarsly sound,
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.

Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse,
To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course, 140

In long procession rank'd ; the pious chief
Stop'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.

The publick care, he said, which war attends,
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends :

Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell ; 145
Hail holy relicks, and a last farewell !

He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliant, from Laurentum sent, demand
A truce, with olive branches in their hand. 150

Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.

They plead, that none those common rites deny
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.

All cause of hate was ended in their death ; 155
Nor cou'd he war with bodies void of breath.

A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request :
Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be deny'd,
The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd : 160
O Latian princes, how severe a fate
In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state !
And arm'd against an unoffending man,
Who fought your friendship ere the war began !
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give, 165
Not only for the slain, but those who live.
I came not hither but by heav'n's command,
And sent by fate to share the Latian land.
Nor wage I wars unjust ; your king deny'd
My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride. 170
Left me for Turnus ; Turnus then should try
His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in dispute : the slain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend ; 175
And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.
This is the way, so tell him, to possess
The royal virgin, and restore the peace.
Bear this my message back ; with ample leave
That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive. 180
Thus having said, th' embassadors amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd :

Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
Broke silence first, and to the godlike man, 185
With graceful action bowing, thus began.

Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame:
Wou'd I your justice or your force express,
Thought can but equal; and all words are less: 190
Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
And favours granted to the Latian state:
If wish'd success our labour shall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command: 195
And seek alliance in some other land:
Build you the city which your fates assign:
We shall be proud in the great work to join.
Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade
The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made. 200
Twelve days the term allow'd: and during those,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare,
To fell the timber, and forget the war.
Loud axes thro' the groning groves resound: 205
Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground:

Firs fall from high : and some the trunks receive,
In loaden wains, with wedges some they cleave.

And now the fatal news, by Fame is blown
Thro' the short circuit of th' Arcadian town, 210
Of Pallas slain : by Fame, which just before
His triumphs on distended pinions bore.

Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand :
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze : 215

The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That cast a sullen splendor on their friends,
(The marching troop which their dread prince at-
[tends.]

Both parties meet : they raise a doleful cry :
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply : 220
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky. }

The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
Fill the loud clamours reach Evander's ears :
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,

With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng : 225
Falls on the corps, and groaning there he lies,

With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes :

Short sighs and sobs succeed : till sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.

O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word! 230
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war! 235
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauspicious war,
Vain vows to heav'n, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed, 240
Whose holy soul the stroke of fortune fled:
Præscious of ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;
My Pallas late set out but reach'd too soon. 245
If, from my league against th' Ausonian state,
Amidst their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deserv'd from them) then I had been return'd
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid, 250
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell so young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.

Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
At least he led the way to victory: 255
First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before: }
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
Content with those the Trojan hero gave. 260
That fun'ral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd;
In which the Tuscan chiefs, and army join'd:
Great spoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own achievements be thy share.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood, 265
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood.
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain
These troops to view the tears thou shed'st in vain!
Go, friends, this message to your lord relate; 271
Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,
And after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
I stay for Turnus; whose devoted head 275
Is owing to the living and the dead:
My son and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.

Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with such news below. 280

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night;
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light:
The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command
To raise the piles along the winding strand: 284
Their friends convey the dead to fun'ral fires; }
Black smouldring smoke from the green wood ex- }
[pires; }
The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the new day }
[retires.] }

Then thrice around the kindled piles they go:
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so)
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led, 290
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the ground;
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe; 295
Helms, bitts emboss'd, and swords of shining steel,
One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms restore:
The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore:

Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
 And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain, 301
 Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
 And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.
 Around the piles a careful troop attends,
 To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burn-
 [ing friends.

Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night 306
 New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
 Piles without number for their dead prepare;
 Part, in the places where they fell, are laid; 310
 And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.
 The corps of kings, and captains of renown,
 Born off in state, are bury'd in the town:
 The rest unhonour'd, and without a name,
 Are cast a common heap to feed the flame. 315

Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
 To make the field of battle shine with fires;
 And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires. }

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
 And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night; 320
 When those who round the wasted fires remain,
 Perform the last sad office to the slain:

They rake the yet warm ashes, from below ;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow :
These relicks with their country rites they grace ;
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place. 326

But in the palace of the king, appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans :
Orphans their fires, and fires lament their sons. 330
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjustly fought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought !
These are the crimes, with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim. 336

Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand :
His is the gain, our lot is but to serve :
'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve. 340

This Drances aggravates ; and adds, with spight,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor Turnus wants a party, to support
His cause and credit, in the Latian court.
His former acts secure his present fame ; 345
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn;
 The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:
 Sad news they bring, that after all the cost,
 And care employ'd, their embassy is lost: 350
 That Diomede refus'd his aid in war;
 Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.
 Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought;
 Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late 355
 A foreign son is pointed out by fate:
 And till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,
 The wrath of heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.
 The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
 When late their titles in the field were try'd: 360
 Witnesses the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears un-
 [dry'd.]

Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all
 The Latian senate to the council hall:
 The princes come, commanded by their head,
 And crowd the paths that to the palace lead. 365
 Supreme in pow'r, and reverenc'd for his years,
 He takes the throne, and in the midst appears:
 Majestically sad, he sits in state,
 And bids his envoys their success relate.

When Venulus began, the murmuring sound 370
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.
We have, said he, perform'd your high command :
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land :
We reach'd the place desir'd, with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents, and rising tow'rs beheld. 375
Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls
The city, which Argyripa he calls ;
From his own Argos nam'd : we touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our presents first we bring, 380
Then crave an instant audience from the king :
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name ;
And tell th' important cause for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke ;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look, 385
Made this return. Ausonian race of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
To change for war hereditary rest ?
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword, 390
(A needless ill your ancestors abhor'd.)
We, (for myself I speak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came ;)

Omitting those who were in battle slain,
Or born by rolling Simois to the main : 395
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he fought.
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n,
Out-casts, abandon'd by the care of heav'n :
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew, 400
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witness the vessels by Minerva tofs'd
In storms, the vengeful Capharæan coast ;
The Eubæan rocks : the prince, whose brother led
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed, 405
In Egypt lost ; Ulysses, with his men,
Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops den :
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain,
Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again ?
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain ? 410
Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adult'refs lost his life :
Fell at his threshold, and the spoils of Troy 415
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The gods have envy'd me the sweets of life,
My much-lov'd country, and my more-lov'd wife :

Banish'd from both, I mourn ; while in the sky,
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly : 420
Hov'ring about the coasts they make their moan ;
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight !
I might have promis'd to myself those harms, 425
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand shall never more employ ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy. 430
I war not with its dust ; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.
Your presents I return : whate'er you bring
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
We met in fight, I know him to my cost ; 435
With what a whirling force his lance he tofs'd :
Heav'ns what a spring was in his arm, to throw !
How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow !
Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight : 440
Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd :
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.

The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand; 445
Both brave alike, and equal in command:
Æneas not inferior in the field,
In pious rev'rence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war. 450
He said no more; but with this cold excuse,
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce.

Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As when a torrent rolls with rapid force, 455
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course;
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race:
White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around:
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound. 460

The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun.
I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late:
Much better had it been for you and me, 465
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,

To have been earlier wise ; than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens ! we wage unequal war,
With men, not only heav'n's peculiar care, 470
But heav'n's own race : unconquer'd in the field,
Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down :
Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain, 475
You see too well ; nor need my words explain.
Vanquish'd without resource ; laid flat by Fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate ;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts : 480
With our united strength the war we wag'd ;
With equal numbers, equal arms engag'd :
You see th' event — Now hear what I propose,
To save our friends, and satisfy our foes :
A tract of land the Latins have possess'd 485
Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till :
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill ;
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you consent, the Trojan shall command ; 490

Call'd into part of what is ours ; and there,
 On terms agreed, the common country share.
 There let them build, and settle if they please ;
 Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
 In search of seats remote of Italy ; 495
 And from unwelcome inmates set us free.

Then twice ten gallies let us build with speed,
 Or twice as many more, if more they need ;
 Materials are at hand : a well grown wood
 Runs equal with the margin of the flood : 500
 Let them the number, and the form assign ;
 The care and cost of all the stores be mine.

To treat the peace a hundred senators
 Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs ; 504
 With olive crown'd : the presents they shall bear,
 A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair ;
 And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs
 [wear ;]

And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
 This great affair, and save the sinking state.

Then Drances took the word ; who grudg'd long
 [since,
 The rising glories of the Daunian prince. 511

Factionous and rich, bold at the council board,
But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword;
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne, 515
But what his father's parentage, unknown.
He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.

Such truths, O king, said he, your words contain,
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain, 520
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
What common needs require; but fear to speak.
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
Whose pride this inauspicious war began:
For whose ambition (let me dare to say, 525
Fear set apart, tho' death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground:
Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears. 530
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
And fought his safety in ignoble flight.

Now, best of kings, since you propose to send 535
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;

Add yet a greater at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the rest;
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
With that alliance let the league be ty'd; 540
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.
Let insolence no longer awe the throne,
But with a father's right bestow your own.
For this maligner of the gen'ral good,
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd: 545
His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.
O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee!
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state, 550
And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and publick safety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace without the pledge is vain. 555
Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In other realms, but beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate; 560
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.

Your int'rest is the war should never cease ;
But we have felt enough to wish the peace :
A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains. 565
Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right ;
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone ; 570
We, but the slaves who mount you to a throne :
A base ignoble crowd, without a name :
Unwept, unworthy of the fun'ral flame :
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal wife. 575
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
Shou'd share such triumphs ; and detain from you }
The post of honour, your undoubted due :
Rather alone your matchless force employ ;
To merit, what alone you must enjoy. 580

These words, so full of malice, mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then groaning from the bottom of his breast,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd.
You, Drances, never want a stream of words, 585
Then, when the publick need requires our swords.

First in the council-hall to steer the state;

And ever foremost in a tongue-debate.

While our strong walls secure us from the foe,

Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow: 590

But let the potent orator declaim,

And with the brand of coward blot my name;

Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand

Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand;

And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand. 595

If any doubt remains who dares the most,

Let us decide it at the 'Trojans' cost:

And issue both a-breast, where honour calls;

Foes are not far to seek without the walls.

Unless his noisy tongue can only fight: 600

And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.

I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?

Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?

Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes

Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies: 605

What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,

And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.

All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,

In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.

The giant brothers, in their camp, have found, 610

I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.

I:I

I:I I:I

Not such the Trojans try'd me, when inclos'd,
I singly their united arms oppos'd :
First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array ; 614
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
'Tis a destructive war ? So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.
Mean time proceed to fill the people's ears
With false reports, their minds with panick fears :
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race, 620
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant stands, the Grecians are o'erthrown :
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies ;
And Diomedes from fierce Æneas flies. 625
Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread,
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears :
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
Of my revenge : dismiss that vanity, 630
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest :
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.
Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate ; 635

If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd ;
If one defeat has brought us down so low ;
As never more in fields to meet the foe ;
Then I conclude for peace : 'tis time to treat, 640
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers in our veins :
That man wou'd I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast: 645
Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,
To shun that fight ; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
But if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confed'rates can afford us more ;
If the contended field we bravely fought : 650
And not a bloodless victory was bought :
Their losses equal'd ours ; and for their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain ;
Why thus unforc'd shou'd we so tamely yield ;
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field ? 655
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene :
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain ;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

If Diomede refuse his aid to lend, 660
The great Messapus yet remains our friend :
Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours :
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their pow'rs :
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
Your own brave subjects have our cause embrac'd. 665
Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
Contains an army in herself alone :
And heads a squadron, terrible to fight,
With glitt'ring shields, in brazen armour bright.
Yet if the foe a single fight demand, 670
And I alone the publick peace withstand ;
If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles let him take the field,
With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield ; 675
For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,
And I alone will answer his demand.
Drances shall rest secure, and neither share 680
The danger, nor divide the prize of war.

While they debate ; nor these nor those will yield ;
Æneas draws his forces to the field ;

And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
Return, and thro' the frightened city spread 685
Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descry'd
In battle marching by the river's side;
And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.
Th' impetuous youth prefs forward to the field; 690
They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield;
The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky. }
Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods; 695
Or birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud,
Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd:
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls;
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls. 700
He said, and turning short, with speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.

Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command
To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
Messapus, and Catillus, post your force 705
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.
Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call.

They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town;
And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown. 710

Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
The gath'ring storm, just breaking on the state,
Dismiss'd the council, till a fitter time,
And own'd his easy temper as his crime:

Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd 715
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.

Some help to sink new trenches, others aid
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.

Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm: around the walls
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour calls.

A sad procession in the streets is seen, 721
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:

High in her chair she sits, and at her side,
With down-cast eyes appears the fatal bride. 724

They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands;
Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands;

With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine;
Then in this common supplication join.

O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid: 370

Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate;
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.

Now Turnus arms for fight : his back and breast,
Well-temper'd steel, and scaly brags invest :
The cuishes, which his brawny thighs infold, 735
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
His faithful fauchion fits upon his side ;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide :
But bare to view amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends. 740
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.
Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains :
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds : 745
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood :
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane : 750
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high ;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His last commands. Then with a grateful mien, 155
Lights from her lofty steed, the warrior queen :

Her squadron imitates, and each descends ;
Whose common fate Camilla thus commends.
If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure, 760
Can promise ought ; or on itself rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die :
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown ; 765
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town.
Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes :
Then thus return'd : O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply ! 770
Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast ;
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd ;
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My toils, my hazard and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan, (not in stratagem unskill'd,) 775
Sends his light horse before to scour the field :
Himself, thro' steep ascents, and thorny brakes,
A larger compass to the city takes.
This news my scouts confirm : and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare : 780

With chosen foot his passage to forelay :
And place an ambush in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse :
The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce ;
With those of Tibur ; and the Latian band : 785
Subjected all to thy supreme command.

This said, he warns Messapus to the war :
Then ev'ry chief exhorts, with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs. 790
Inclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise ;
A narrow track, by human steps untrode,
Leads, thro' perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands : 795
Whence the surveying fight the nether ground com-
[mands.

The top is level : an offensive seat
Of war ; and from the war a safe retreat.
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress : 800
To drive 'em headlong downward ; and to pour,
On their descending backs, a stony show'r.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way ;
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Mean time, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies, 805
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd, and ever-trusty maid.
Then with a sigh began : Camilla goes
To meet her death, amidst her fatal foes. 810
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train ;
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew :
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away 815
From old Privernum, for tyrannick sway ;
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Casmilla was her mother ; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound, 820
And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods he flies ;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace ;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the chace.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains ; 825
The raging flood his farther plight restrains :
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.

Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears :
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious he stops a while ; and thinks in haste ; 830
Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore ;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er :
He clos'd the child within the hollow space :
With twigs of bending osier bound the case. 835
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight :
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight,
Accept, great goddess of the woods, he said,
Sent by her fire, this dedicated maid :
Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine ; 840
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.
He said ; and with full force the spear he threw ;
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide ;
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side. 845
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground ;
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in towns which walls inclose,
Wou'd trust his hunted life amidst his foes.
But rough, in open air he chose to lie : 850
Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the sky.

On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led :
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed ; 855
The dugs of bears, and ev'ry savage beast,
He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor press'd.
The little Amazon cou'd scarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow :
And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command,
He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand : 861
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound ;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head. 865
The flying dart she first attempts to fling ;
And round her tender temples tofs'd the sling :
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began }
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan : }
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the }
[crane.] }
The Tuscan matrons with each other vy'd, 871
To bless their rival sons with such a bride :
But she disdains their love ; to share with me
The silvan shades, and vow'd virginity.

And oh! I wish, contented with my cares 875
 Of savage spoils, she had not fought the wars:
 Then had she been of my celestial train;
 And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
 But since, opposing heav'n's decree, she goes
 To find her death among forbidden foes; 880
 Hast with these arms, and take thy steepy flight,
 Where, with the gods adverse, the Latins fight:
 This bow to thee, this quiver I bequeath,
 This chosen arrow to revenge her death:
 By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain, 885
 Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,
 Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
 Then in a hollow cloud, myself will aid,
 To bear the breathless body of my maid:
 Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprophan'd 890
 Her holy limbs with any human hand:
 And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.

She said: the faithful nymph descends from }
 [high }
 With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky: }
 Black clouds and stormy winds around her body }
 [fly.] }
 By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse, 896
 Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,

Approach the walls ; the sprightly courfers bound ;
Prefs forward on their bitts, and shift their ground :
Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from far ;
And the fields glitter with a waving war. 901

Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse ;
These in the body plac'd ; on either hand
Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band. 905
Advancing in a line, they couch their spears ;
And less and less the middle space appears.

Thick smoke obscures the field : and scarce are seen
The neighing courfers, and the shouting men.

In distance of their darts they stop their course ; 910

Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.

The face of heav'n their flying jav'lines hide :

And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.

Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,

By mettled courfers borne in full career, 915

Meet first oppos'd : and, with a mighty shock,

Their horses heads against each other knock.

Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast ;

As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast :

He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last. 920

The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright;
And fling their shields behind, to save their backs in
[flight.

Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue:
And urge their flight, Asylas leads the chase; 925
Till seiz'd with shame they wheel about, and face:
Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.
The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.

So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore; 930
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land;
And far upon the beach eject the sand.
Then backward with a swing, they take their way;
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother-
[sea:

With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore; 935
And swallow back the sand, and stones they spew'd
efore.

Twice were the Tuscans master of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man: 940
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:

Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:

Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.

Orfilochus, who durst not press too near 945

Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear;

And struck the steel beneath his horse's ear.

The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,

Curvets, and springing upward with a bound,

His hopeless lord cast backward on the ground. 950

Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew

His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw:

The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.

His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,

But shaded with a length of yellow hair: 955

Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,

A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart:

Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;

Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dy'd;

And death with honour, fought on either side. 961

Resistless thro' the war, Camilla rode;

In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.

One side was bare for her exerted breast;

One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd. 965

Now from afar her fatal jav'lines play;
Now with her axe's edge she hews her way;
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground;
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound. }
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side, 971
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;
Italians all: in peace, their queen's delight:
In war, the bold companions of the fight.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old, 975
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled: 980
With such, return'd triumphant from the war;
Her maids with cries attend the lofty carr:
They clash with manly force their moony shields:
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroick maid, 985
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy spear, of mountain-ash, Eumenius first,
With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd;
A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground. 990

Lyris and Pegasus at once she flew;
The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew,
Of his faint steed: the latter, as he stretch'd
His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin reach'd.
By the same weapon, sent from the same hand, 995
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
Amastrus next is added to the slain:
The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
And Chromys, at full speed her fury shun. 1000
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,
Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed;
Him, from afar, she spy'd in arms unknown; 1005
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown:
His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
He clench'd within his hand an iron prong;
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.
Him soon she singled from the flying train, 1011
And flew with ease: then thus insults the slain.
Vain hunter, didst thou think thro' woods to chase
The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?

Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory ; 1015

A woman-warrior was too strong for thee.

Yet if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name,

Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame.

Then Butes, and Orsilochus she slew,

The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew. 1020

But Butes breast to breast : the spear descends

Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,

And o'er the shield which his left side defends. }

Orsilochus, and she, their coursers ply,

He seems to follow, and she seems to fly. 1025

But in a narrower ring she makes the race ;

And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.

Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,

She swings her ax, and rises at the blow :

Full on the helm behind, with such a sway 1030

The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way :

He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace ;

Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.

Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,

To see his fall, nor farther dares advance :

But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,

He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.

Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,

(At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)

Cries out aloud, what courage have you shown, 1040
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?
Forego the 'vantage of your horse, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man. 1045
He said: she glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain: }
And leaves her horse at large among her train. }
With her drawn sword defies him to the field;
And marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield: 1050
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
Vain fool, and coward, said the lofty maid, 1055
Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid!
On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire. 1060
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:

Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.

Not with more ease the falcon from above, 1065

Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove:

Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound;

The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the
[ground.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,

With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight. 1070

He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain;

And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.

Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,

And these encourages, and those he chides:

Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight; 1075

Renews their ardor, and restores the fight.

What panick fear has seiz'd your souls? O shame,

O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name;

Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand

Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band! 1080

Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield:

What use of weapons which you dare not wield?

Not thus you fly your female foes, by night,

Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite:

When to fat off'rings the glad augur calls; 1085

And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals.

These are your study'd cares; your lewd delight:
Swift to debauch; but slow to manly fight.

Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes;
Not managing the life he meant to lose. 1090

The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,

In his strong gripe: and clasp'd around the waste:

'Twas Venulus; whom from his horse he tore,

And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.

Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their eyes, 1095

And view th' unusual fight with vast surprize.

The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,

Prefs'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains:

Then with his shorten'd spear, explores around

His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound. 1100

Nor less the captive struggles for his life:

He writhes his body to prolong the strife:

And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts

His utmost vigour, and the point averts.

So stoops the yellow eagle from on high, 1105

And bears a speckled serpent thro' the sky;

Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey;

The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid way:

Resists the royal hawk, and tho' oppress'd,

She fights in volumes, and erects her crest. 1110

Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale;
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat-
['ning tail.

Against the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores; 1115
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success. 1120

Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends:
And wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chase, 1125
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight.
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threatens, and trembles, trying ev'ry way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray. 1130

Chloereus, the priest of Cybelè, from far,
Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest

With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er: 1135

A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.

With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;

Gnosian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:

A golden helm his front, and head surrounds;

A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds. 1140

Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore;

With flowers of needlework distinguish'd o'er:

With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.

Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes;

Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize: 1145

Or that the temple might his trophies hold,

Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold:

Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,

And seeks his life, regardless of her own.

This lucky moment the fly traitor chose: 1150

Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,

And threw, but first to heav'n address'd his vows.

O patron of Socrates' high abodes,

Phœbus, the ruling pow'r among the gods;

Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine

Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine; 1156

By thee protected, with our naked souls,

Thro' flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled

[coals:

Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day : 1160
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome;
And from the field return inglorious home.

Apollo heard, and granting half his pray'r, 1165
Shuffled in winds the rest, and tofs'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,
By southern tempests to the seas is born.

Now, when the jav'lin whiz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes, 1170
Directed by the sound: of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood 1175
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys:
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow; 1181
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.



As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side :
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies, 1185
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs ;
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends ;
But spurring forward herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands ;
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands : 1190
The wood she draws, the steely point remains ;
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains :
A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes ;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train 1195
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.
Acca, 'tis past ! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable death ; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed : 1200
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve :
Farewel ; and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
She said ; and sliding sunk upon the plain ;
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein ; 1204
Short, and more short, she pants : by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.

She drops her sword, she nods her plummy crest;
 Her drooping head declining on her breast:
 In the last sigh her struggling soul expires; 1209
 And murm'ring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:
 Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
 The Trojan troops, and Tuscans in a line,
 Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar 1215
 Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
 Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,
 Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain;
 And round her corps, of friends and foes a fight-
 ing train. }

Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew 1220
 A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
 Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid,
 For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!
 Nor ought avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
 Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life. 1225
 Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
 Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
 Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
 But after ages shall thy praise record.

Th'inglorious coward soon shall press the plain; 1230

Thus vows thy queen, and thus the fates ordain.

High o'er the field, there stood a hilly mound;

Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;

Where in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay, 1235

A king that once in Latium bore the sway.

The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,

To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.

Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,

Swoln with success, and loudly thus she cry'd.

Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late; 1240

Turn, like a man at length, and meet thy fate.

Charg'd with my message to Camilla go;

And say I sent thee to the shades below;

An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow. }

She said: and from her quiver chose with speed

The winged shaft, destin'd for the deed: 1246

Then to the stubborn eugh her strength apply'd:

Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.

The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;

Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew. 1250

At once the twanging bow, and sounding dart,

The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.

Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,

His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.

The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings, 1255

The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;

And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.

The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,

More on their speed than on their strength rely. 1260

Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down;

And spur their horses headlong to the town.

Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,

Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.

These drop the shield, and those the lance forego; 1265

Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.

The hoofs of horses with a rattling sound,

Beat short, and thick, and shake the rotten ground.

Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,

And o'er the darken'd walls, and rampires fly. 1270

The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,

Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their hands.

All pressing on, pursuers and pursu'd,

Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.

Some happy few escape: the throng too late 1275

Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.

Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire

Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.

Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close :
But leave their friends excluded with their foes. 1288
The vanquish'd cry ; the victors loudly shout ;
'Tis terror all within ; and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.

The Latian virgins, valiant with despair, 1285
Arm'd on the tow'rs the common danger share :
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd ;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw ;
With imitated darts to gaul the foe. 1290
Their lives, for godlike freedom they bequeath ;
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Mean time to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd, 1295
The foes intirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on :
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.
Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the fates require,) 1300
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain :

Scarce was he gone, when to the straights, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.

Thro' the black forest, and the ferny brake, 1305

Unknowingly secure, their way they take.

From the rough mountains to the plain descend;

And there, in order drawn, their line extend.

Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:

Nor far the distance of the space between. 1310

Both to the city bend: Æneas sees,

Thro' smoaking fields, his hast'ning enemies.

And Turnus views the Trojans in array,

And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.

Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd; 1315

But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.

Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:

While night with sable wings involves the sky.

THE
T W E L F T H B O O K
O F T H E
Æ N E I S.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

TURNUS challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: he is miraculously cur'd by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.



The Twelfth Book of the

Æ N E I S.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field;
Their armies broken, and their courage
[quell'd;
Himself become the mark of publick spight,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.

As when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
He makes a four retreat, nor mends his pace:
But if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride;
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane;

So Turnus fares, his eye-balls flash with fire, 15
Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of smok expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began.

No more excuses or delays: I stand

In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand, 20

This base deserter of his native land.

The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take

The same conditions which himself did make.

Renew the truce, the solemn rites prepare;

And to my single virtue trust the war. 25

The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight;

This arm unaided shall assert your right:

Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,

To him the crown, and beauteous bride remain.

To whom the king sedately thus reply'd; 30

Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,

The more becomes it us, with due respect

To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.

You want not wealth, or a successive throne,

Or cities, which your arms have made your own; 35

My towns and treasures are at your command;

And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:

Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,

Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.

Now let me speak, and you with patience hear, 40
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear:
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.

The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne: 45
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withstood,
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who wou'd not be deny'd, 50
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:

Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties, and of honour broke:

On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what success 'tis needless to declare; 55
I and my subjects feel; and you have had your share. }

Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls, we keep our hopes alive;
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians glance the neighb'ring shore: 60
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?

If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should not I procure it whilst you live?
Shou'd I to doubtful arms your youth betray, 65
What wou'd my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
And should you fall in fight, (which heav'n defend)
How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend? }
Weigh in your mind, the various chance of war, 70
Pity your parent's age; and ease his care.

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;
The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth disdain'd the relief,
With intermitting sobs, thus vents his grief: 75
Thy care, O best of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
Permit me not to languish out my days;
But make the best exchange of life for praise.
This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize; 80
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies;
His goddess's mother is not near, to shrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud.

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife, 85
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath.

O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears ;
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope, 90
My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop ;
Since on the safety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne :
Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r ;
To wave the combat, and pursue the war. 95
Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
Think it includes in thine Amata's life.
I cannot live a slave ; or see my throne
Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son.

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed ; 100
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns, with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there ; and flush, and fade away.
Delightful change ! thus Indian iv'ry shows, 105
Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows ;
Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.
The lover gaz'd, and burning with desire :
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire :
Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spight, 110
Roll in his breast, and rouze him to the fight.

Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies.
O mother, do not by your tears prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war. 115
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if heav'n my death decree.

Then turning to the herald, thus pursues;
Go, greet the Trojans with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light 120
Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight:
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride. 125

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace
He sought his courfers of the Thracian race.
At his approach, they toss their heads on high;
And proudly neighing, promise victory.
The fires of these Orithia sent from far 130
To grace Pilumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.

Officious grooms stand ready by his side ; 134
And some with combs their flowing manes divide,
And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth
[their pride.]

He sheath'd his limbs in arms ; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he ty'd ;
And girt his faithful fauchion to his side. 140
In his Æmean forge the god of fire
That fauchion labour'd for the hero's fire :
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Prop'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore, 145
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore ;
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.
Then cry'd, O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus tofs'd in vain, 150
Fail not this day thy wonted force : but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe :
Give me to tear his corset from his breast,
And from that eunuch head, to rend the crest :
Drag'd in the dust, his frizled hair to soil, 155
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil.

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.

So fares the bull in his lov'd female's fight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight: 160

He tries his goring horns against a tree:

And meditates his absent enemy:

He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand

With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms, 165

To future fight his manly courage warms:

He whets his fury, and with joy prepares,

To terminate at once the ling'ring wars.

To cheer his chiefs, and tender son, relates

What heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the
[fates. 170

Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease

The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn' ensuing from the mountains height,

Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;

Th' ethereal courfers bounding from the sea, 175

From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day:

When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,

In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.

Beneath the walls, they measure out the space; 179
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass;
Where, with religious rites, their common gods they
[place.]

In purest white, the priests their heads attire,
And living waters bear and holy fire:
And o'er their linen hoods, and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear. 185

In order issuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight: 190
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.

Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dy'd.
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Messapus born of seed divine. 195
The sign is giv'n, and round the list'd space,
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand;
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.
Now, studious of the fight, a num'rous throng 200
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,

Swarm from the town : by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls, and houses tops are lin'd.

Mean time the queen of heav'n beheld the fight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from mount Albano's
[height : 205

(Since call'd Albano, by succeeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name.)

She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.

Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake, 210

With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake ;

King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,

Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd,

Compress'd by force, but by the grateful god,

Now made the Naïs of the neighb'ring flood. 215

O nymph, the pride of living lakes, said she,

O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,

Long hast thou known, nor need I to record.

The wanton sallies of my wand'ring lord :

Of ev'ry Latian fair, whom Jove misled, 220

To mount by stealth my violated bed,

To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace ;

But give a part of heav'n, and an unenvy'd place.

Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,

Nor think my wishes want to thy relief. 225

While fortune favour'd, nor heav'n's king deny'd,
To lend my succour to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state;
But now he struggles with unequal fate;
And goes with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in
[might, 230]

To meet inevitable death in fight:
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the
fight.

Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply;
It well becomes a sister's care to try.

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd, 135
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus; thy tears are late:
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from fate.
New tumults kindle, violate the truce;
Who knows what changeful fortune may pro-
[duce? 240]

'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,
Or if it were, discharge the crime on me.
She said, and, failing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear: 245
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:

Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.

Two snowy courfers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook: 250

Then issu'd from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line:

And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.

Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears; 255
And off'rings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb, that never suffer'd shears.

Then, to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
And shews the beasts design'd for sacrifice,
With salt, and meal: with like officious care 260

He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.

Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds,
With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.

Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious pray'rs the gods ador'd. 265

All-seeing sun, and thou Ausonian soil,
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,

Thou king of heav'n, and thou the queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r,)

Thou god of war, whose unresisted sway 270
The labours and events of arms obey;



Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record : if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield, 275

My Trojans shall increase Evander's town ;

Ascanious shall renounce the Ausonian crown ;

All claims, all questions of debate shall cease ;

Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.

But if my juster arms prevail in fight, 280

As sure they shall, if I divine aright,

My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign :

Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain :

Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes ;

I ask but altars for my weary gods. 285

The care of those religious rites be mine :

The crown to king Latinus I resign ;

His be the sov'reign sway. (Nor will I share

His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.

For me, my friends another town shall frame, 290

And bless the rising tow'rs, with fair Lavinia's name.

Thus he. Then with erected eyes and hands,

The Latian king before his altar stands.

By the same heav'n, said he, and earth, and main,

And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain ; 295

By hell below, and by that upper god,
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his

[nod ;

So let Latona's double offspring hear,

And double-fronted Janus what I swear :

I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames, 300

And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names :

Whatever chance befall on either side,

No term of time this union shall divide :

No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,

Or shake the steadfast tenour of my mind : 305

Not tho' the circling seas shou'd break their bound,

O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground ;

Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,

Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake :

Ev'n as this royal scepter, (for he bore 310

A scepter in his hand) shall never more

Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth ;

(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth

By the keen ax, dishonour'd of its hair,

And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear.) 315

When thus in publick view the peace was ty'd

With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,

All dues perform'd which holy rites require ;

The victim beasts are slain before the fire :

The trembling entrails from their bodies torn, 320
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.

Already the Rutulians deem their man.

O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.

First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd ;

Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud. 325

Now side to side, they measure with their eyes

The champions bulk, their sinews and their size :

The nearer they approach, the more is known

Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.

Turnus himself appears in publick fight 330

Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.

Slowly he moves ; and at his altar stands

With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands :

And while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,

A livid deadness in his cheeks appears. 335

With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd

Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,

When their short sighs, and thickning sobs she heard,

And found their ready minds for change prepar'd ;

Dissembling her immortal form, she took 340

Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,

A chief of ancient blood : in arms well known

Was his great sire, and he, his greater son.

His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And humouring their first motions, thus began. 345

For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the fight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?

Can we, before the face of heav'n confess

Our courage colder, or our numbers less?

View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band, 350

And Tuscan army; count 'em as they stand:

Undaunted to the battle if we go,

Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.

Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife

Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life: 355

Or change it rather for immortal fame,

Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:

But you, a servile, and inglorious band,

For foreign lords shall sow your native land:

Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd, 360

Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.

With words like these, she carry'd her design;

A rising murmur runs along the line.

Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tir'd

With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd: 265

Their champion's fate with pity they lament;

And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage:
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes, 370
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprize.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his founding pinions shakes. 375
Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talions truss'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the dastard fowl return anew; 380
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force: 385
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey:
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.

Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts, 390
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts.

At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd ;
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey :
Advance, my friends, and charge, I lead the way. 395
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land :
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
By strength united, and forego the prey ;
Your timely succour to your country bring ; 400
Haste to the rescue ; and redeem your king.

He said : and pressing onward, thro' the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd. 405
At once the cornel rattled in the skies ;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood :
Gylippus' sons : the fatal jav'lin flew, 410
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound ;
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground :
Then fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train 415
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.

And some with eager haste their jav'lines throw ;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.

The wish'd insult the Latin troops embrace ;
And meet their ardour in the middle space. 420

The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.

Peace leaves the violated fields ; and hate

Both armies urges to their mutual fate.

With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd, 425

The sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.

Thick storms of steel from either army fly,

And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky :

Brands from the fire, are missive weapons made :

With chargers, bows, and all the priestly trade. 530

Latinus frighted, hastens from the fray,

And bears his unregarded gods away.

These on their horses vault, those yoke the car ;

The rest with swords on high, run headlong to the
[war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace, 435

Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting press,

At king Aulestes ; by his purple known

A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown ;

And with a shock encount'ring, bore him down. }

Backward he fell; and as his fate design'd, 440
The ruins of an altar were behind:

There pitching on his shoulders, and his head,
Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.
The beamy spear descending from above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body drove. 445
Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries;
The gods have found a fitter sacrifice.

Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
Of his rich armour; and uncrown his head.

Priest Chorinæus arm'd his better hand, 450
From his own altar, with a blazing brand:
And, as Ebusus with a thund'ring pace,
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:
His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires,
The crackling crop a noisom scent expires. 455
Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
With his left hand; his other cast him down.

The prostrate body with his knees he press'd;
And plung'd his holy poinard in his breast.

While Podalirius, with his sword, pursu'd 460
The shepherd Alfus thro' the flying crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,
Full on the front of his unwary foe.

The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
And cleavesthechin, with one continu'd wound: 465
Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms
[around.]

An iron sleep his stupid eyes opprefs'd,
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands,
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands, 470
In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
What sudden rage, what new desire of blood
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans cease
From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
By human sanctions, and by laws divine, 475
The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe. 480

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince,
But whether from some human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand, or hostile god was found, 485
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
 His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train :
 Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires,
 At once his arms and coursers he requires. 490

Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
 And with a ready hand assumes the reins.

He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes,
 He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.

These his lance reaches, over those he rolls 495

His rapid car, and crushes out their souls :

In vain the vanquish'd fly ; the victor sends

The dead mens' weapons at their living friends.

Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood

The god of battles, in his angry mood, 500

Clashing his sword against the brazen shield,

Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field :

Before the wind his fiery coursers fly,

Grones the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.

Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair, 505

Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car ;

Friends of the god, and followers of the war. }

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,

Exulting Turnus flies along the plain :

His smoking horses, at their utmost speed, 510

He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.

Their fetlocks run with blood; and when they
[bound,

The gore, and gath'ring dust, are dash'd around.

Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,

He kill'd at hand, but Sthelenus afar: 515

From far the sons of Imbracus he flew,

Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew;

Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;

Or mount the courser that out-strips the wind.

Mean time Eumedes, vaunting in the field, 520

New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.

This son of Dolon bore his grandfire's name;

But emulated more his father's fame.

His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,

The Grecian camp and order to descry: 525

Hard enterprize, and well he might require

Achilles' carr, and horses, for his hire;

But, met upon the scout, th' Etolian prince

In death bestow'd a juster recompence.

Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar; 530

And lanch'd his jav'lin from his lofty carr:

Then lightly leaping down, pursu'd the blow,

And, pressing with his foot, his prostrate foe,

Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword;

And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.

Possess, said he, the fruit of all thy pains,
 And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
 Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
 Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the
 [land.

Then Daris, Butis, Sybaris he flew, 540
 Whom o'er his neck the flound'ring courser threw.
 As when loud Boreas with his blust'ring train,
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
 Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before;
 And rolls the billows on th' Ægean shore: 545
 So where resistless Turnus takes his course,
 The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force:
 His crest of horses hair is blown behind,
 By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.

This, haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain, 550
 And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
 Light from the ground he leap'd, and seiz'd the
 [rein.]

Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold;
 The courfers frightened, and their course control'd.
 The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung, 555
 And pierc'd his plated arms; but pass'd along
 And only raz'd the skin: he turn'd, and held
 Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield;

Then call'd for aid : but while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain. 560

He lies revers'd ; the victor-king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans
[yield, 565

The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field :
Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often try'd,
And young Ascanius weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent : scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear. 570
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay, 575
He begs ; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow : 580

The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged fire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise
Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.

Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood, 585
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart, 590
And exercises all his heav'nly art.

All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain. 595
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.

Mean time the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near, 600
And first their friends, and then their foes appear;
Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright;
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;

An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky; 605
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those
[who die.

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.

A branch of healing Dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought: 610
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple
[crown'd:

Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.

This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews 615
Th' extracted liquor with Ambrosian dew,
And od'rous Panacee: unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the
[wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art, 621
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart. }

Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:

The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands, 625

Moves up, and follows of its own accord ;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iäpis first perceiv'd the closing wound ;
And first the footsteps of a god he found.
Arms, arms, he cries, the sword and shield pre-
[pare, 630

And send the willing chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine :
Some god our gen'ral to the battle sends ;
Some god preserves his life for greater ends. 635

The hero arms in haste : his hands infold
His thighs with cuisses of refulgent gold :
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the cœlestial shield,
This gripes the lance ; and with such vigour shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes. 641

Then, with a close embrace he strain'd his son ;
And kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun.

My son, from my example learn the war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare : 645 }
But happier chance than mine attend thy care.

This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field :

Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth,
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth, 650
Assert thy birthright: and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son.

He said; and, striding, issu'd on the plain;
Anteus, and Mnestheus, and a num'rous train
Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take, 655
And crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war: 660
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train, 665
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind rushing to the shore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees; 670
With such impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his doubled front; nor less destruction bears.

And now both armies shock, in open field;
Osyris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain; 675
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train;)
By Gyas, Mnestheus, and Achates' hand:
The fatal augur falls, by whose command
The truce was broken, and whose lance, embru'd
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd. 680
Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky;
And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few:
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain, 685
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and seiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien;
And like Metiscus, in his seat is seen. 690

As the black swallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches flies:
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddesses o'er the plains; 695
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.

She steers a various course among the foes ;
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother shows :
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight. 700
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the croud,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud :
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot, but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears, 705
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What shou'd he do ! nor arts nor arms avail ;
And various cares in vain his mind assail ;
The great Messapus thund'ring thro' the field,
In his left hand two pointed jav'lines held : 710
Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim, and utmost vigour threw.
Æneas saw it come, and stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore 715
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight ;
The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field : 720

Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,
 Their rites, and injur'd altars to redress :
 Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
 With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What god can tell, what numbers can display 725
 The various labours of that fatal day ?

What chiefs, and champions fell on either side,
 In combat slain, or by what deaths they dy'd ?
 Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd :
 Who shar'd the fame, and fortune of the field ? 730
 Jove, cou'dst thou view, and not avert thy fight,
 Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
 Who leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite !

Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
 Whose valour made the Trojans quit the ground :
 Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just, 736
 It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.

Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren flew :
 First from his horse fierce Amicus he threw ;
 Then leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd 740
 Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.

Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place ;
 Their heads distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw ;
 Whom without respite at one charge he flew : 745

Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd,
And sad Onythes, added to the rest;
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.

Turnus, two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent, 750
O'erthrew, nor Phœbus cou'd their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menætes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread. 755
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.
Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown, 760
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown,
The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;
The frighted silvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry: 765
They roll to sea, with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their diff'rent ways; nor less destruction make.

With spears afar, with swords at hand they strike ;
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.

Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field,
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield :
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound ;
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground. 775

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone :
Betwixt the wheels he fell ; the wheels that bore 780
His living load, his dying body tore.

His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.

Fierce Hillus threaten'd high ; and face to face
Affronted Turnus in the middle space : 785

The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear :

So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That thro' his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.

Nor Cisseus cou'dst thou' scape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band : 791

Nor to Cupentus cou'd his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Ænean sword :

Which to his naked heart pursu'd the course :
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force. 795

Iölus fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,
Were doom'd to kill, while heav'n prolong'd his date :
But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate ;
In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held 800
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd :
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite,
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight. 805
Sereſthus, and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line :
Sea-born Meſſapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space ;
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace ; 811
And where one falls, another fills his place. }

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
To leave the unfinished fight, and storm the town.
For while he rolls his eyes around the plain, 815
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,

He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war :
Occasion offers, and excites his mind,
To dare beyond the task he first design'd. 820
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs ; they leave the fight ;
Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height :
The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince : Hear and obey : 825
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare ;
The source of mischief, and the seat of war. 830
This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,
Shall level with the plain in ashes lie :
The people shall be slaves ; unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain ;
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain ? 836
Your force against the perjur'd city bend :
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires ;
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires. 840

He finish'd ; and one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.

Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear; 845

And those they toss aloft, and these they rear :

The flames now lanch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,

The clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.

Advancing to the front, the hero stands,

And stretching out to heav'n his pious hands, 850

Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,

Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince :

Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,

And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.

Dissenting clamours in the town arise; 855

Each will be heard, and all at once advise.

One part for peace, and one for war contends :

Some wou'd exclude their foes, and some admit their

[friends.

The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng;

And whate'er tide prevails, is born along. 860

Thus when the swain, within a hollow rock,

Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,

They run around, or labour on their wings,

Disus'd to flight, and shoo their sleepy stings;

To shun the bitter fumes, in vain they try; 865
 Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.

But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
 To plunge the Latins in the last despair:
 The queen, who saw the foes invade the town;
 And brands on tops of burning houses thrown; 870
 Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear;
 No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
 Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain:
 And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
 Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear 875
 The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.
 She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
 And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
 She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,
 She tears with both her hands her purple vest, 880
 Then round a beam a running noose she ty'd;
 And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.

Soon as the fatal news by Fame was blown,
 And to her dames, and to her daughter known;
 The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair, 885
 And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:
 With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of
 [despair.]

The spreading rumour fills the publick place;
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame are seen in ev'ry face. 890

Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his publick, and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And fordid dust deforms his silver hairs.

And much he blames the softness of his mind, 895
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And soon reduc'd to change, what he so well design'd:
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains, 900
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying coursers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.
Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind: 905
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.
Alas, said he, what mean these dismal cries,
What doleful clamours from the town arise?
Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the reins: 910
She, who the driver's office now sustains,

Replies; Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall:
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall. 915
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honour equal, equal in success.

To this, the prince: O sister, (for I knew
The peace infrig'd, proceeded first from you,)
I knew you, when you mingled first in fight, 920
And now in vain you wou'd deceive my sight:
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air?
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain? 925
For to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force!
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground,
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath, 930
My name invoking to revenge his death:
Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place;
To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;
His vest and armour are the victor's prize. 935

Then shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to compleat my shame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight;
How Drances will insult, and point them to the fight!
Is death so hard to bear? ye gods below, 940
(Since those above so small compassion show,)
Receive a soul unfully'd yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.

He said: and while he spoke, with flying speed,
Came Sages urging on his foamy steed; 945
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And seeking Turnus sent his voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our last relief; compassionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce Æneas rolling on, 950
With arms invests, with flames invades the town:
The brands are toss'd on high: the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire:
All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice. 955
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.

'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate, 960
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On ev'ry side furrounded by the foe;
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow. }
You, far aloof from your forsaken bands, 965
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.

Stupid he fate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppres'd; 970
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought:
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look; 975
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
And bridges laid above to join the space:
And wheels below to roll from place to place. 980
Sister, the fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which heaven and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fix'd: nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.

Death is my choice : but suffer me to try 985
My force, and vent my rage before I die.

He said, and leaping down without delay,
Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he free'd his way.
Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind. 990

As when a fragment, from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents born,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,
Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep ; 995
Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their sheep,
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground,
Stun'd with the shock they fall, and stun'd from earth
[rebound :

So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew, 1001
Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous
[flew ;
And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrew.]

First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat cease ; 1005
Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops retire ;
The fight is mine, and me the gods require.

'Tis just that I shou'd vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state; 1010
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.

Both armies from their bloody work desist:
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame 1014
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works, and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows, 1020
Or father Appenine, when white with snows,
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

The nations over-aw'd, surcease the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their fight: 1025
Ev'n Death stands still; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring-rams below.
In silent order either army stands;
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wond'ring sight, 1030
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight;

Born under climes remote; and brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and rushing on, begin the war. 1035
They lanch their spears, then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance; and both engage 1040
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
With horns adverse they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes; 1045
And wait th' event; which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood: 1050
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow thro' the wood:
Such was the combat in the lifted ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.

Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs. 1055

On this side life, and lucky chance ascends :
 Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
 Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
 Full on the helm of his unguarded foe :
 Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side : 1060
 As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide,
 But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
 And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
 Now 'tis but death, or flight : disarm'd he flies,
 When in his hand, an unknown hilt he spies. 1065
 Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
 Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
 Snatch'd the first weapon, which his haste cou'd find. }
 'Twas not the fated sword his father bore ;
 But that his charioteer Metiscus wore. 1070
 This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held :
 But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.
 The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand :
 The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
 Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the field ; 1075
 And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd.
 For here the Trojan troops the list surround ;
 And there the pass is clos'd with pools of marshy
 [ground.

Æneas hastens; tho' with heavier pace,
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase: 1080
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,
Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found;
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears;
Still opening, following still, where-e'er he steers: 1086
The persecuted creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand: 1090
His eager foe determin'd to the chace,
Stretch'd at his length gains ground at ev'ry pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds his prey:
Just at the pinch the stag springs out with fear, 1095
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air.
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.

Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying, blames
His tardy troops; and calling by their names, 1100
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats

To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy :
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course, 1105
With vigour, tho' diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already, round the list'd place,
One chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the chace :
No trivial prize is play'd ; for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife. 1110

Within the space, an olive tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood, }
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian god.
Here hung the vests, and tablets were ingrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd. 1115
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance ; 1119
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
Th' incumber'd spear from the tenacious tree ;
That whom his fainting limbs pursu'd in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid, 1124
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd.
O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,

Hold fast the steel ; if my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd ;
Propitious hear my pious pray'r ! He said, 1130
Nor with successless vows invok'd their aid.

Th' incumbent herowrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd
But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.

Juturna took her time : and while in vain
He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again : 1135

And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince, his Daunian sword.

The queen of love, who with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief ;

T' assert her offspring with a greater deed, 1140
From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance ;
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance : }
And both resolv'd alike, to try the fatal chance. }

Mean time imperial Jove to Juno spoke, 1145
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock :

What new arrest, O queen of heav'n, is sent
To stop the fates now lab'ring in th' event ?

What further hopes are left thee to pursue ?
Divine Æneas, (and thou know'st it too,) 1150 }

Free-dom'd to these celestial seats is due. }

What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade!
Is it becoming of the due respect,
And awful honour of a god elect, 1155
A wound unworthy of our state to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?
Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before; 1159
And arm a conquer'd wretch, against his conqueror?
For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay more, thy dictate, dost Juturna do?
At last, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload; 1165
Who should relive the goddess but the god?
Now, all things to their utmost issue tend;
Push'd by the fates to their appointed end:
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r: 1170
Toss'd on the seas thou cou'dst thy foes distress,
And driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress:
Deform the royal house; and from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
Now cease at my command. The Thund'rer said:
And with dejected eyes this answer Juno made. 1176

Because your dread decree too well I knew ;
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew,
Else shou'd you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan ; 1180
But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life ;
At least to try : but by the Stygian lake, 1185
(The most religious oath the gods can take,)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loath the fight. 1190
This let me beg, (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself, and for your father's land ;
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,)
The laws of either nation be the same ; 1195
But let the Latins still retain their name ;
Speak the same language which they spoke before ;
Wear the same habits which their grandfires wore :
Call them not Trojans : perish the renown,
And name of Troy with that detested town. 1200

Latium be Latium still ; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies,
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes.)
Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir, 1205
Such endless anger in her bosom bear ?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain :
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung, 1209
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their customs shall be ty'd, }
I will, myself, their common rites provide ; }
The native shall command, the foreigners subside. }
All shall be Latium ; Troy without a name :
And her lost sons forget from whence they came. 1215
From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater off'rings on your altars lay.
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires 1220
Had found success, and from the cloud retires.
The peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares
To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to night : 1225

These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air :
With serpents girt alike ; and crown'd with hissing
[hair.]

In heav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand, 1230
His ministers of wrath ; and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill :
When-e'er the moody fire, to wreak his hate
On realms or towns, deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death and deadly care, 1235
And terrifies the guilty world with war.

One sister-plague of these from heav'n he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.

The pest comes whirling down : by far more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow, 1240
Or Cydon eugh ; when traversing the skies,
And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruction
flies.

With such a sudden, and unseen a flight,
Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the night.
Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view, 1245
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew :

Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
Which hunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings. 1250
Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes. }
A lazy chilness crept along his blood,
Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror stood. 1255
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry,
And stridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breasts she beat, and rent her flowing
[hair.
Ah me, she cries, in this unequal strife, 1260
What can thy sister more to save thy life!
Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
In arms, with that inexorable fiend!
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night! 1265
The lashing of your wings I know too well:
The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!
These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompence of ravish'd love!

Did he for this exempt my life from fate? 1270

O hard conditions of immortal state!

Tho' born to death, not privileg'd to die,

But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!

Take back your envious bribes, and let me go

Companion to my brother's ghost below! 2275

The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains

Of life immortal, but immortal pains.

What earth will open her devouring womb,

To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!

She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said, 1280

But in her azure mantle wrap'd her head:

Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,

And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear

Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear: 1285

What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?

What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?

'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:

Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.

Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare 1290

What skill and courage can attempt in war:

Wish for the wings of wind to mount the sky ;
Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie.

The champion shook his head ; and made this short

[reply.]

No threats of thine, my manly mind can move : 1295

'Tis hostile heav'n I dread ; and partial Jove.

He said no more ; but with a sigh, repress'd

The mighty sorrow, in his swelling breast.

Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,

An antique stone he saw ; the common bound 1300

Of neighb'ring fields ; and barrier of the ground :

So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days,

Th' enormous weight from earth cou'd hardly raise.

He heav'd it at a lift : and pois'd on high,

Ran stagg'ring on, against his enemy. 1305

But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew

His way : or what unwieldy weight he threw.

His knocking knees are bent beneath the load :

And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.

The stone drops from his arms ; and falling short,

For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort. 1311

And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,

The sickly fancy labours in the night :

We seem to run ; and, destitute of force,

Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course : 1315

In vain we heave for breath ; in vain we cry :
 The nerves unbrac'd, their usual strength deny ;
 And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die :
 So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd,
 All force of arms, and points of art employ'd, 1320
 The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour
 [void.]

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound :
 He star'd about ; nor aid nor issue found :
 His own men stop the pass ; and his own walls
 [surround.]

Once more he pauses ; and looks out again : 1325
 And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
 Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,
 And brandishing aloft the deadly lance :
 Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring foe,
 Forgets to ward ; and waits the coming blow. 1330
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
 Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
 The destin'd mark : and rising as he threw,
 With its full swing the fatal weapon flew. 1335
 Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls ;
 Or stones from batt'ring engines break the walls :

Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
 The lance drove on ; and bore the death along.
 Nought cou'd his sev'n-fold shield the prince avail,
 Nor ought beneath his arms the coat of mail ; 1341
 It pierc'd thro' all ; and with a grizly wound,
 Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.

With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky :
 Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply. 1345

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
 With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd ;
 And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd. }
 I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live :

Use what the gods, and thy good fortune give. 1350

Yet think ; oh think, if mercy may be shown,
 (Thou hadst a father once ; and hast a son :)
 Pity my fire, now sinking to the grave ;
 And for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save !
 Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death ; 1355
 Give to my friends my body void of breath !
 The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life ;
 Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife ;
 Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife. }

In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand ; 1360
 And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.

He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt.
When, casting down a casual glance he spy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side: 1365
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes :)
Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend, 1370
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend ?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go ;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft ; and at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword. 1375
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the
[wound.

He rolls his eyes, and at the moment
His manly soul with more compassion
Than that which e'er a casual glance he gave
To the golden belt that girded on his side
The fatal spots which hang
From dying Pallas, and in triumph
Then round him to return, he loudly cries
(Pallas, while he looks, canst thou not see)
Tis thou dost thou, dost thou to great pity
Clasp, as thou art, in thy arms of my child
To his bed lead a gentle offspring go;
Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow,
His side his arm both; and at the word
Deep in the bottom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood stain'd his arms around
And the dreadful soul came rushing thro' the
[Exit]



POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

READER.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to *translate* in my declining years: struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the *lying character* which has been given them of my morals. Yet steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public, when I undertook this

work. In the first place therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and *conclusion* of my present studies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country; whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of *words*, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our poets, even in those who being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for six-pence in a battle, merit to be

restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words; nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me: but since the revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give physick to the great, when he is uncalled? to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

Cynthus aurem vellit, & admonuit.

It is enough for me, if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the meantime, I am obliged in gratitude to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet: have encouraged Virgil to speak such English, as I could teach him, and reward his interpreter, for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus,

when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion? amongst whom I cannot omit naming the earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the first of these, I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeserved. The present earl of Peterborough has been pleased long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that if the last Æneid shine among its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and for his sake particularly I have made it mine. For who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour?

I could not but invoke the assistance of a muse, for this last office.

*Extremum hunc Arethusa:—
Negat quis carmina Gallo?*

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq. the worthy son of the late archbishop of York: who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin. Amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited by that worthy Gentleman Sir William Bowyer, to Denham-Court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. No wonder therefore if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The seventh Æneid was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter: in a village belonging to his family I was born, and

under his roof I endeavoured to make that *Æneid* appear in English with as much lustre as I could: though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticize my master.

By a letter from William Walsh of Abberly, Esq. (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critick of our nation) I have been informed that his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the *Pastorals*, *Georgics*, and six first *Æneids*, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to insert; has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation. Whoever has given the world

the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls *The Power of Love*, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's *Praise of a Country Life* is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a version. That I have recovered in some measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons, and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgement. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me; and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power.* I desire pardon for my readers for saying so much in relation to myself, which concerns not them: and with my acknowledgements to all my subscribers, have only to add, that the few notes which follow, are *par maniere d'acquit*, because I had obliged myself by articles to do somewhat of that

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

kind. These scattering observations are rather guesses at my author's meaning in some passages, than proofs that so he meant. The unlearned may have recourse to any poetical dictionary in English, for the names of persons, places, or fables, which the learned need not: but that little which I say, is either new or necessary. And the first of these qualifications never fails to invite a reader, if not to please him.



Notes *and* Observations

O N

VIRGIL'S WORKS

I N

ENGLISH.

PASTORAL I. Line 6. *There first the youth
of heavenly birth I viewed.*

Virgil means Octavius Cæsar, heir to Julius; who perhaps had not arrived to his twentieth year, when Virgil saw him first. *Vide* his life. Of heavenly birth or heavenly blood; because the Julian family was derived from Iulus, son to Æneas, and grandson to Venus.

Pastoral 2. Line 65. *The short Narcissus.*
That is, of short continuance.

Pastoral 3. Line 95. *For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep.*

Phœbus, not Pan, is here called the god of shepherds: the poet alludes to the same story, which he touches in the beginning of the second Georgic, where he calls Phœbus the Amphrysian shepherd, because he fed the sheep and oxen of Admetus (with whom he was in love) on the hill Amphrysus.

Pastoral 4. Line 73. *Begin auspicious boy, &c.*
In Latin thus, *Incipe parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem, &c.*

I have translated the passage to this sense; that the infant smiling on his mother, singles her out from the rest of the company about him. Erythræus, Bembus, and Joseph Scaliger, are of this opinion. Yet they and I may be mistaken. For immediately after, we find these words, *Cui non risere Parentes*, which imply another sense, as if the parents smiled on the new-born infant: and that the babe on whom they vouchsafed not to smile, was born to ill-fortune. For they tell a story, that when Vulcan, the only son of Jupiter and Juno, came into the world, he was so hard-favoured, that both his parents frowned on him; and Jupiter threw him out of heaven: he fell on the island Lemnos, and was lame ever afterwards. The last line of the pastoral seems to justify this sense, *Nec deus hunc Mensâ, Dea nec dignata Cubili est*. For though he married Venus, yet his mother Juno was not present at the nuptials to bless them; as appears by his wife's incontinence. They

say also, that he was banished from the banquets of the gods: if so, that punishment could be of no long continuance, for Homer makes him present at their feasts; and composing a quarrel betwixt his parents, with a bowl of nectar. The matter is of no great consequence; and therefore I adhere to my translation, for these two reasons: first, Virgil has this following line, *Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses*, as if the infant's smiling on his mother, was a reward to her for bearing him ten months in her body, four weeks longer than the usual time. Secondly, Catullus is cited by Joseph Scaliger, as favouring this opinion, in his Epithalamium of Manlius Torquatus.

*Torquatus, volo parvulus
Matris è gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus
Dulcè rideat ad Patrem, &c.*

What if I should steer betwixt the two extremes, and conclude, that the infant, who was to be happy, must not only smile on his parents, but also they on him? for Scaliger notes that the infants who smiled not at their birth, were observed to be *Ἀγέλαστοι*, or sullen (as I have translated it) during all their life: and Servius, and almost all the modern commentators affirm, that no child was thought fortunate on whom his parents smiled not at his birth. I observe farther, that the ancients thought the infant who came into the world at the end of the tenth month, was born to some extraordinary fortune.

good or bad. Such was the birth of the late prince of Conde's father, of whom his mother was not brought to bed, till almost eleven months were expired after his father's death: yet the College of Physicians at Paris, concluded he was lawfully begotten. My ingenious friend, Anthony Henley, Esq. desired me to make a note on this passage of Virgil: adding, what I had not read; that the Jews have been so superstitious, as to observe not only the first look or action of an infant, but also the first word which the parent or any of the assistants spoke after the birth: and from thence they gave a name to the child alluding to it.

Pastoral 6. My Lord Roscommon's notes on this pastoral, are equal to his excellent translation of it; and thither I refer the reader.

The eighth and tenth Pastorals are already translated to all manner of advantage, by my excellent friend Mr. Stafford. So is the Episode of Camilla, in the eleventh *Æneid*.

This eighth Pastoral is copied by our author from two *Bucolicks* of Theocritus. Spencer has followed both Virgil and Theocritus, in the charms which he employs for curing Britomartis of her love. But he had also our poet's Ceiris in his eye: for there not only the enchantments are to be found: but also the very name of Britomartis.

In the ninth Pastoral, Virgil has made a collection of many scattering passages, which he had translated from Theocritus: and here he has bound them into a nosegay.

Georgic 1. The poetry of this book is more sublime than any part of Virgil, if I have any taste. And if ever I have copied his majestick style, it is here. The compliment he makes Augustus almost in the beginning, is ill imitated by his successors Lucan and Statius. They dedicated to tyrants; and their flatteries are gross and fulsome. Virgil's address is both more lofty and more just. In the three last lines of this Georgic, I think I have discovered a secret compliment to the Emperor, which none of the commentators have observed. Virgil had just before described the miseries which Rome had undergone betwixt the Triumvirs and the Common-wealth party: in the close of all, he seems to excuse the crimes committed by his patron Cæsar, as if he were constrained against his own temper to those violent proceedings, by the necessity of the times in general, but more particularly by his two partners, Anthony and Lepidus. *Fertur Equis Auriga, nec audit Currus habenas.* They were the head-strong horses, who hurried Octavius, the trembling charioteer, along, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I observe farther; that the present wars, in which all Europe, and part of Asia are engaged at present, are waged in the same places here described; *Atque hinc Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum, &c.* As if Virgil had prophesied of this age.

Georgic 2. The praises of Italy, (translated by the learned, and every way excellent Mr. Chetwood, which are printed in one of my miscellany poems) are the greatest ornament of this book. Whercin

for want of sufficient skill in gardening, agriculture, &c. I may possibly be mistaken in some terms. But concerning grafting, my honoured friend Sir William Bowyer has assured me, that Virgil has shewn more of poetry than skill, at least in relation to our more northern climates. And that many of our stocks will not receive such grafts, as our poet tells us would bear in Italy. Nature has conspired with art to make the garden at Denham-court, of Sir William's own plantation, one of the most delicious spots of ground in England: it contains not above five acres, (just the compass of Alcinous his garden, described in the Odysses :) But Virgil says in this very Georgic, *Laudato ingentia rura; exiguum colito.*

Georgic 3. Line 45.

Next him Niphates, with inverted urn, &c.

It has been objected to me, that I understood not this passage of Virgil, because I call Niphates a river, which is a mountain in Armenia. But the river, arising from the same mountain is also called Niphates. And having spoken of Nile before, I might reasonably think, that Virgil rather meant to couple two rivers, than a river and a mountain.

Line 224. *The male has done, &c.*

The transition is obscure in Virgil. He began with cows, then proceeds to treat of horses; now returns to cows.

Line 476. *Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun.*
 Astrologers tell us, that the sun receives his exaltation in the sign Aries : Virgil perfectly understood both Astronomy and Astrology.

Georgic 4. Line 27. *That when the youthful prince.*

My most ingenious friend Sir Henry Shere, has observed through a glass hive, that the young prince of the *Bees*, or heir presumptive of the crown, approaches the king's apartment with great reverence ; and for three successive mornings demands permission to lead forth a colony of that year's bees. If his petition be granted, which he seems to make by humble hummings ; the swarm arises under his conduct : if the answer be, *le roy s'avisera*, that is, if the old monarch think it not convenient for the publick good, to part with so many of his subjects ; the next morning the prince is found dead, before the threshold of the palace.

Line 477. The poet here records the names of fifty river-nymphs. And for once I have translated them all. But in the *Æneis* I thought not myself obliged to be so exact : for in naming many men who were killed by heroes, I have omitted some, which would not sound in English verse.

Line 660. The Episode of Orpheus and Eurydice begins here, and contains the only machine which Virgil uses in the Georgics. I have observed in the epistle before the *Æneis*, that our Author seldom employs machines but to adorn his *poem* : and that the action which they seemingly perform, is

really produced without them. Of this nature is the legend of the bees restored by miracle; when the receipt which the poet gives, would do the work without one. The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets, is in Ariosto; where God commands St. Michael to take care, that Paris, then besieged by the Saracens, should be succoured by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the archangel to find Silence and Discord. The first to conduct the Christian army to relieve the town, with so much secrecy, that their march should not be discovered; the latter to enter the camp of the infidels, and there to sow dissention among the principal commanders. The heavenly messenger takes his way to an ancient monastery; not doubting there to find Silence in her primitive abode; but instead of Silence finds Discord; the Monks, being divided into factions, about the choice of some new officer, were at *snic* and *snee* with their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observed, that ambition, jealousy, and worldly interest, and point of honour, had made variance both in the cloister and the camp; and strict discipline had done the work of Silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks.

Æneid 1. Line 111.

And make thee father of a happy line.

This was an obliging promise to *Æolus*; who had been so unhappy in his former children *Maca-reus* and *Canacé*.

Line 196. *The realms of ocean, and the fields of air
are mine, not his.*

Poetically speaking, the *fields of air* are under the command of Juno; and her vicegerent Æolus. Why then does Neptune call them his? I answer, because being god of the seas, Æolus could raise no tempest in the atmosphere above them without his leave. But why does Juno address to her own substitute? I answer, He had an immediate power over the winds, whom Juno desires to employ on her revenge. That power was absolute by land; which Virgil plainly insinuates: for when Boreas and his brethren were let loose, he says at first *terras turbine perflant*: then adds, *incubuerè mari*: to raise a tempest on the sea was usurpation on the prerogative of Neptune; who had given him no leave, and therefore was enraged at his attempt. I may also add, that they who are in a passion, as Neptune then was, are apt to assume to themselves more than is properly their due.

Line 450, *O virgin — &c.*

*If as you seem the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train.*

Thus, in the original.

O quam te memorem virgo —

Aut Phæbi soror, aut nymphaem sanguinis una.

This is a family compliment, which Æneas here bestows on Venus. His father Anchises had used the very same to that goddess when he courted her. This appears by that very ancient Greek poem, in

which that amour is so beautifully described, and which is thought Homer's: though it seems to be written before his age.

Line 980. *Her princely guest was next her side.*

This I confess, is properly translated; and according to the modern fashion of sitting at table. But the ancient custom of lying on beds, had not been understood by the unlearned reader

Æneid 2. The destruction of Veii is here shadowed under that of Troy: Livy, in his description of it, seems to have emulated in his prose, and almost equalled the beauty of Virgil's verse.

Æneid 3. Verse 132.

And childrens children shall the crown sustain.

Et nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis.

Virgil translated this verse from Homer: Homer had it from Orpheus; and Orpheus from an ancient oracle of Apollo. On this account it is, that Virgil immediately subjoins these words, *Hæc Phæbus, &c.* Eustathius takes notice, that the old poets were wont to take whole paragraphs from one another, which justifies our poet for what he borrows from Homer. Bochartus, in his letter to Segrais, mentions an oracle which he found in the fragments of an old Greek historian: the sense whereof is this in English; that when the empire of the Priamidæ should be destroyed, the line of Anchises should succeed. Venus therefore, says the historian, was desirous to have a son by Anchises,

though he was then in his decrepid age : accordingly she had Æneas. After this she sought occasion to ruin the race of Priam ; and set on foot the intrigue of Alexander, (or Paris) with Helena : she being ravished, Venus pretended still to favour the Trojans ; lest they should restore Helen, in case they should be reduced to the last necessity. Whence it appears, that the controversy betwixt Juno and Venus, was on no trivial account, but concerned the succession to a great empire.

Æneid 4. Line 945.

*And must I die, she said,
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet even this death with pleasure I receive :
On any terms, 'tis better than to live*

This is certainly the sense of Virgil ; on which I have paraphrased, to make it plain. His words are these ;

Moriemur inultæ ?

Sed moriamur, ait ; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Servius makes an interrogation at the word *sic* ; thus, *sic ? Sic juvat ire sub umbras.* Which Mr. Cowley justly censures : but his own judgment may perhaps be questioned : for he would retrench the latter part of the verse, and leave it an Hemistic. *Sed moriamur, ait.* That Virgil never intended to have left any Hemistic, I have proved already in the Preface. That this verse was filled up by him, with these words, *sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras,* is very probable ; if we consider the weight of them. For

this procedure of Dido, does not only contain that *dira execratio quæ nullo expiatur carmine* (as Horace observes in his Canidia) but besides that, Virgil, who is full of allusions to history, under another name, describes the Decii, devoting themselves to Death this way, though in a better cause, in order to the destruction of the enemy. The reader, who will take the pains to consult Livy, in his accurate description of those Decii, thus devoting themselves, will find a great resemblance betwixt these two passages. And it is judiciously observed upon that verse,

— *Nulla fides populis nec fœdera sunt,*

that Virgil uses the word *sunt* a *verbum juris*, a form of speaking on solemn and religious occasions: Livy does the like. Note also, that Dido puts herself into the *Habitus Gabinus*, which was the girding herself round with one sleeve of her vest, which is also according to the Roman Pontifical, in this dreadful ceremony, as Livy has observed: which is a farther confirmation of this conjecture. So that upon the whole matter, Dido only doubts whether she should die before she had taken her revenge, which she rather wished: but considering that this devoting herself was the most certain and infallible way of compassing vengeance, she thus exclaims:

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras:

Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto

Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omnia mortis.

*Those flames from far, may the false Trojan view;
Those boding omens his base flight pursue.*

Which translation I take to be according to the sense of Virgil. I should have added a note on that former verse,

Infelix Dido, nunc te fata impia tangunt!

Which in the edition of Heinſius is thus printed, *Nunc te facta impia tangunt?* The word *facta* instead of *fata*, is reasonably altered. For Virgil ſays afterwards, ſhe died not by fate, nor by any deſerved death. *Nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat, &c.* When I tranſlated that paſſage, I doubted of the ſenſe: and therefore omitted that Hemiftic; *Nunc te fata impia tangunt.* But Heinſius is miſtaken only in making an interrogation point inſtead of a period. The words *facta impia*, I ſuppoſe are genuine. For ſhe had perjured herſelf in her ſecond marriage; having firmly reſolved, as ſhe told her ſiſter, in the beginning of this *Æneid*, never to love again, after the death of her firſt huſband; and had confirmed this reſolution by a curſe on herſelf, if ſhe ſhould alter it.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem, prius ima dehifcat, &c.

Ante, pudor, quàm te violem, aut tua jura reſolvam.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores

Abſtulit: ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro.

Æneid 5. A great part of this book is borrowed from Apollonius Rhodius. And the reader may obſerve the great judgment and diſtinction of our author in what he borrows from the ancients, by comparing them. I conceive the reaſon why he

omits the horse-race in the funeral games, was because he shews Ascanius afterwards on horseback, with his troops of boys, and would not wear that subject thread-bare; which Statius, in the next age, described so happily. Virgil seems to me, to have excelled Homer in all those sports, and to have laboured them the more in honour of Octavius, his patron; who instituted the like games for perpetuating the memory of his uncle Julius. Piety, as Virgil calls it, or dutifulness to parents, being a most popular virtue among the Romans.

Æneid 6. Line 586.

*The next in place and punishment are they,
Who prodigally throw their lives away, &c.*

*Proxima sorte tenent mœsti loca, qui sibi letum
Infantes peperere manu, lucemque perosi.
Projecere animas, &c.*

This was taken, amongst many other things, from the tenth book of *Plato de Republicâ*: no commentator, besides Fabrini, has taken notice of it. Self-murder was accounted a great crime by that divine philosopher: but the instances which he brings, are too many to be inserted in these short notes. Sir Robert Howard in his translation of this *Æneid*, which was printed with his poems in the year 1660, has given us the most learned, and the most judicious observations on this book, which are extant in our language.

Line 733. *Lo to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance 'till my years expire.*

These two verses in English seem very different from the Latin.

Discedam; explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

Yet they are the sense of Virgil; at least, according to the common interpretation of this place; I will withdraw from your company; retire to the shades, and perform my penance of a thousand years; but I must confess the interpretation of those two words *explebo numerum*, is somewhat violent, if it be thus understood, *minuam numerum*, that is, I will lessen your company by my departure. For Deiphobus, being a ghost, can hardly be said to be of their number. Perhaps the poet means by *explebo numerum*, *absolvam sententiam*: as if Deiphobus replied to the Sibyl, who was angry at his long visit, I will only take my last leave of Æneas, my kinsman and my friend, with one hearty good wish for his health and welfare, and then leave you to prosecute your voyage. That wish is expressed in the words immediately following, *I decus, I nostrum*, &c. which contains a direct answer to what the Sibyl said before, when she upbraided their long discourse, *Nos flendo ducimus horas*. This conjecture is new, and therefore left to the discretion of the reader.

Line 980.

*Know first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, &c.*

*Principio cœlum, & terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ titaniaque astra, &c.*

Here the sun is not expressed, but the moon only ; though a less, and also a less radiant light. Perhaps the copies of Virgil are all false ; and that instead of *titaniaque astra*, he writ *titaniaque & astra* ; and according to these words I have made my translation. It is most certain, that the sun ought not to be omitted, for he is frequently called the life and soul of the world. And nothing bids so fair for a visible divinity to those who know no better, than that glorious luminary. The Platonists call God the archetypal sun, and the sun the visible deity, the inward vital spirit in the center of the universe, or that body to which that spirit is united, and by which it exerts itself most powerfully. Now it was the received hypothesis amongst the Pythagoreans, that the sun was situate in the center of the world ; Plato had it from them, and was himself of the same opinion ; as appears by a passage in the *Timæus* : from which noble dialogue is this part of Virgil's poem taken.

Line 1156.

Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd, &c.

Quis te, magne Cato, &c.

There is no question but Virgil here means Cato Major, or the Censor. But the name of Cato being also mentioned in the eighth *Æneid*, I doubt whether he means the same man in both places. I have said in the Preface, that our poet was of republican

principles ; and have given this for one reason of my opinion, that he praised Cato in that line,

Secretisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

And accordingly placed him in the Elysian fields. Montaigne thinks this was Cato the Utican, the great enemy of arbitrary power, and a professed foe to Julius Cæsar. Ruæus would persuade us that Virgil meant the Cenfor. But why should the poet name Cato twice, if he intended the same person ? our author is too frugal of his words and sense, to commit tautologies in either. His memory was not likely to betray him into such an error. Nevertheless I continue in the same opinion concerning the principles of our poet. He declares them sufficiently in this book : where he praises the first Brutus for expelling the Tarquins, giving liberty to Rome, and putting to death his own children, who conspired to restore tyranny : he calls him only an unhappy man, for being forced to that severe action.

Infelix, utcunque ferent ea facta minores.

Vincet amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido.

Let the reader weigh these two verses, and he must be convinced that I am in the right : and that I have not much injured my master in my translation of them.

Line 1143.

*Embrace again, my sons ; be foes no more ;
Nor stain your country with her childrens gore.
And thou the first lay down thy lawless claim ;
Thou of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name,*

This note, which is out of its proper place, I deferred on purpose, to place it here : because it discovers the principles of our poet more plainly than any of the rest.

*Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!*

Anchises here speaks to Julius Cæsar; and commands him first to lay down his arms, which is a plain condemnation of his cause. Yet observe our poet's incomparable address : for though he shews himself sufficiently to be a commonwealth's-man ; yet in respect to Augustus, who was his patron, he uses the authority of a parent, in the person of Anchises ; who had more right lay this injunction on Cæsar than on Pompey ; because the latter was not of his blood. Thus our author cautiously veils his own opinion, and takes sanctuary under Anchises ; as if that ghost would have laid the same command on Pompey also, had he been lineally descended from him. What could be more judiciously contrived, when this was the *Æneid* which he chose to read before his master ?

Line 1221.

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.

In Virgil thus :

Tu Marcellus eris.

How unpoetically and baldly had this been translated ; *Thou shalt Marcellus be!* Yet some of my friends were of opinion, that I mistook the sense of Virgil in my translation. The French interpreter

observes nothing on this place; but that it appears by it, the mourning of Octavia was yet fresh, for the loss of her son Marcellus, whom she had by her first husband: and who died in the year *ab urbe condita*, 731, and collects from thence that Virgil, reading this *Æneid* before her, in the same year, had just finished it: that from this time to that of the poet's death, was little more than four years. So that supposing him to have written the whole *Æneis* in eleven years; the first six books must have taken up seven of those years: on which account, the six last must of necessity be less correct.

Now for the false judgment of my friends, there is but this little to be said for them; the words of Virgil in the verse preceding are these,

— *Siqua fata aspera rumpas.*

As if the poet had meant, If you break through your hard destiny, so as to be born, you shall be called Marcellus: but this cannot be the sense: for though Marcellus was born, yet he broke not through those hard decrees, which doomed him to so immature a death. Much less can Virgil mean, you shall be the same Marcellus by the transmigration of his soul. For according to the system of our author, a thousand years must be first elapsed, before the soul can return into a human body; but the first Marcellus was slain in the second Punick war. And how many hundred years were yet wanting, to the accomplishing his penance, may with ease be gathered, by computing the time betwixt Scipio and Augustus. By which it is plain, that Virgil cannot mean the

same Marcellus ; but one of his descendants ; whom I call a new Marcellus ; who so much resembled his ancestor, perhaps in his features, and his person, but certainly in his military virtues, that Virgil cries out, *quantum instar in ipso est !* which I have translated,

How like the former, and almost the same.

Line 1235.

*Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn ;
Of polish'd iv'ry this ; that of transparent horn.*

Virgil borrowed this imagination from Homer, *Odysses* the 9th, line 562. The translation gives the reason, why true prophetic dreams are said to pass through the gate of horn, by adding the epithet *transparent* : which is not in Virgil ; whose words are only these ;

*Sunt geminae Somni portae ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea ———*

What is pervious to the sight is clear ; and (alluding to this property,) the poet infers such dreams are of divine revelation. Such as pass through the ivory gate, are of the contrary nature ; polished lies. But there is a better reason to be given. For the ivory alludes to the teeth, the horn to the eyes. What we see is more credible, than what we only hear ; that is, words that pass through the portal of the mouth, or hedge of the teeth : (which is Homer's expression for speaking.)

Æneid 7. Line 109.

Strange to relate, the flames involv'd in smoke, &c.

Virgil, in this place takes notice of a great secret in the Roman divination: the lambent fires, which rose above the head, or played about it, were signs of posterity; such were those which he observed in the second *Æneid*: which were seen mounting from the crown of Ascanius;

*Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex.*

Smoky flames (or involved in smoke) were of a mixed omen; such were those which are here described: for smoke signifies tears, because it produces them, and flames happiness. And therefore Virgil says, that this ostent was not only *mirabile visu*, but *horrendum*.

Line 367.

One only daughter heirs my crown and state.

This has seemed to some an odd passage: that a king should offer his daughter and heir to a stranger prince, and a wanderer, before he had seen him, and when he had only heard of his arrival on his coasts: but these criticks have not well considered the simplicity of former times; when the heroines almost courted the marriage of illustrious men. Yet Virgil here observes the rule of decency; Lavinia offers not herself; it is Latinus who propounds the match: and he had been foretold, both by an augur, and an oracle, that he should have a foreign son-in-law; who was also a hero. Fathers, in those an-

cient ages, considering birth and virtue, more than fortune, in the placing of their daughters. Which I could prove by various examples; the contrary of which being now practised, I dare not say in our nation, but in France, has not a little darkened the lustre of their nobility. That Lavinia was averse to this marriage, and for what reason, I shall prove in its proper place.

Line 1020.

— *And where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.*

I observe that Virgil names not Nola, which was not far distant from Abella; perhaps, because that city, (the same in which Augustus died afterwards,) had once refused to give him entertainment; if we may believe the author of his life. Homer heartily curses another city which had used him in the same manner: but our author thought his silence of the Nolans a sufficient correction. When a poet passes by a place or person, though a fair occasion offers of remembering them, it is a sign he is, or thinks himself, much disobliged.

Æneid 8. Line 34.

*So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, &c.*

This similitude is literally taken from Apollonius Rhodius; and it is hard to say, whether the original or the translation excels. But in the shield which he describes afterwards in this Æneid, he as much transcends his master Homer as the arms

of Glaucus were richer than those of Diomedes,
Χρύσεια Χαλκείων.

Lines 115, and 116.

*Aeneas takes the mother and her brood,
 And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.*

The translation is infinitely short of Virgil, whose words are these;

— *Tibi enim, tibi maxima Juno
 Maestat sacra ferens, & cum grege sistit ad aram.*

For I could not turn the word *enim* into English with any grace, though it was of such necessity, in the Roman rites, that a sacrifice could not be performed without it; it is of the same nature (if I may presume to name that sacred mystery) in our words of consecration at the altar.

Æneid 9. Lines 853, 854.

*At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew;
 And almost join'd the horns of the tough eugh.*

The first of these lines is all of monosyllables, and both verses are very rough: but of choice; for it had been easy for me to have smoothed them. But either my ear deceives me, or they express the thing which I intended in their sound. For the stress of a bow which is drawn to the full extent, is expressed in the harshness of the first verse, clogged not only with monosyllables, but with consonants; and these words, *the tough eugh*, which conclude the second line, seem as forceful, as they are unharmonious. Homer and Virgil are both frequent in their adapting

sounds to the thing they signify. One example will serve for both ; because Virgil borrowed the following verses from Homer's *Odysses*.

*Unà eurusque notusque ruunt creberque procellis
Africus, & vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.*

Σόν δ' Εὐροσε, Νότοσε ἔπεςεν, Ζέφυροσε δυσαιῆς
Καὶ Βορέης αἰθριγενετῆς, μέγα κῦμα κυλίνδων.

Our language is not often capable of these beauties : though sometimes I have copied them, of which these verses are an instance.

Line 1095.

———— *His ample shield*

Is falsify'd ; and round with jav' lins fill'd.

When I read this *Æneid* to many of my friends, in company together, most of them quarrelled at the word *falsified*, as an innovation in our language. The fact is confessed ; for I remember not to have read it in any English author ; though perhaps it may be found in Spencer's *Fairy Queen* : but suppose it be not there : why am I forbidden to borrow from the Italian, (a polished language) the word which is wanting in my native tongue ? Terence has often Grecised : Lucretius has followed his example : and pleaded for it ; *sic quia me cogit patrii sermonis Egestas*. Virgil has confirmed it by his frequent practice, and even Cicero in prose, wanting terms of philosophy in the Latin tongue, has taken them from Aristotle's Greek. Horace has given us a rule for coining words, *si Græco fonte cadant*. Es-

pecially, when other words are joined with them, which explain the sense. I use the word *falsify* in this place, to mean that the shield of Turnus was not of proof against the spears and javelins of the Trojans; which had pierced it through and through (as we say) in many places. The words which accompany this new one, make my meaning plain; according to the precept which Horace gave. But I said I borrowed the word from the Italian: *Vide Ariosto, Cant. 26.*

*Ma si l' Usbergo d' ambi era perfetto
Che mai poter falsarlo in nessun canto.*

Falsar cannot be otherwise turned, than by *falsified*; for *his shield was falsed*, is not English. I might indeed have contented myself with saying his shield was pierced, and bored, and stuck with *javelins*; *nec sufficit umbo ictibus*. They who will not admit a new word, may take the old, the matter is not worth dispute.

Æneid 10. Line 312.

A choir of nereids, &c.

These were transformed from ships to sea-nymphs: this is almost as violent a machine, as the death of Aruns by a goddess in the Episode of Camilla. But the poet makes use of it with greater art: for here it carries on the main design. These new made divinities, not only tell *Æneas* what had passed in his camp during his absence; and what was the present distress of his besieged people; and that his horsemen,

whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent; but warn him to provide for battle the next day, and foretel him good success. So that this episodical machine is properly a part of the great poem: for besides what I have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigor, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take the enemy more unprovided to resist the landing. Whereas the machine relating to Camilla, is only ornamental: for it has no effect which I can find, but to please the reader, who is concerned, that her death should be revenged.

Lines 241, 242.

*Now sacred sisters open all your spring,
The Tuscan leaders, and their army, sing;*

The poet here begins to tell the names of the Tuscan captains who followed Æneas to the war: and I observe him to be very particular in the description of their persons, and not forgetful of their manners: exact also in the relation of the numbers which each of them command. I doubt not but as in the fifth book, he gave us the names of the champions, who contended for the several prizes, that he might oblige many of the most ancient Roman families, their descendants; and as in the 7th book, he mustered the auxiliary forces of the Latins, on the same account; so here he gratifies his Tuscan friends, with the like remembrance of their ancestors; and above the rest, Mæcenas his great patron, who being of a royal family in Etruria, was probably represented under one of the names here mentioned,

then known among the Romans, though at so great a distance unknown to us. And for his sake chiefly, as I guess, he makes Æneas (by whom he always means Augustus) to seek for aid in the country of Mecænas, thereby to endear his protector to his emperor; as if there had been a former friendship betwixt their lines. And who knows, but Mecænas might pretend that the Cilnian family was derived from Tarchon, the chief commander of the Tuscans?

Line 622.

Nor I his mighty fire could ward the blow.

I have mentioned this passage in my preface to the Æneis, to prove, that Fate was superior to the gods; and that Jove could neither defer nor alter its decrees. Sir Robert Howard has since been pleased to send me the concurrent testimony of Ovid: it is in the last book of his Metamorphoses: where Venus complains, that her descendant, Julius Cæsar, was in danger of being murdered by Brutus and Cassius, at the head of the Commonwealth faction, and desires them to prevent that barbarous assassination. They are moved to compassion; they are concerned for Cæsar; but the poet plainly tells us, that it was not in their power to change destiny: all they could do, was to testify their sorrow for his approaching death by foreshewing it with signs and prodigies, as appears by the following lines,

*Talia nequicquam toto Venus aurea Cælo
Verba jactat: superosque movet: qui rumpere quanquam*

*Ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
Signa tamen luctus dant haud incerta futuri.*

Then she addresses to her father Jupiter, hoping aid from him because he was thought omnipotent. But he, it seems, could do as little as the rest, for he answers thus :

—— *sola insuperabile fatum*

Nata, movere paras ? intres licet ipsa sororum

Tecta trium ; cernes illic molimine vasto

Ex ære, & solido rerum tabularia ferro :

Quæ neque concursus cœli, neque fulminis iram,

Nec metuunt ullas tuta atque æterna ruinas.

Invenies illic incisa adamante perenni

Fata tui generis, legi ipse, animoque notavi,

Et referam : ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri.

Hic sua complevit (pro quo Cytherea laboras,)

Tempora, perfectis quos terræ debuit, annis, &c.

Jupiter you see is only library-keeper, or *custos rotulorum* to the Fates : for he offers his daughter a cast of his office, to give her a sight of their decrees ; which the inferior gods were not permitted to read without his leave. This agrees with what I have said already in the preface ; that they not having seen the records, might believe they were his own handwriting ; and consequently at his disposing either to blot out, or alter, as he saw convenient. And of this opinion was Juno in these words, *tua qui potes orsa reflectas*. Now the abode of those destinies being in Hell, we cannot wonder why the swearing by Styx was an inviolable oath amongst the gods of

heaven, and that Jupiter himself should fear to be accused of forgery by the Fates, if he altered any thing in their decrees. Chaos, Night, and Erebus, being the most ancient of the deities, and instituting those fundamental laws, by which he was afterwards to govern. Hesiod gives us the genealogy of the gods, and I think I may safely infer the rest. I will only add, that Homer was more a fatalist than Virgil: for it has been observed, that the word *τυχὴ*, or fortune, is not to be found in his two poems; but instead of it, always *μοῖρα*.

Æneid 12. Line 808, and 809.

*Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons; and to battle leads.*

The poet had said, in the preceding lines, that Mnestheus, Seresthus, and Asylas, led on the Trojans, the Tuscans, and the Arcadians: but none of the printed copies, which I have seen, mention any leader of the Rutulians and Latins, but Messapus the son of Neptune. Ruæus takes notice of this passage, and seems to wonder at it; but gives no reason, why Messapus is alone without a coadjutor.

The four verses of Virgil run thus.

*Totæ adeò conversæ acies, omnesque Latini,
Omnes Dardanidæ; Mnestheus, acerque Seresthus,
Et Messapus equum domitor, & fortis Asylas,
Tuscorumque Phalanx, Evandrique Arcadis alæ.*

I doubt not but the third line was originally thus,

Et Messapus equum domitor, & fortis Atinas:

For the two names of Asylas and Atinas are so like, that one might easily be mistaken for the other by the transcribers. And to fortify this opinion, we find afterward, in the relation of Sages to Turnus, that Atinas is joined with Messapus.

Soli, pro portis, Messapus & acer Atinas
Sistentant aciem ———

In general I observe, not only in this *Æneid*, but in all the six last books, that *Æneas* is never seen on horseback, and but once before as I remember, in the fourth, when he hunts with Dido. The reason of this, if I guess aright, was a secret compliment which the poet made to his countrymen the Romans; the strength of whose armies consisted most in foot; which, I think, were all Romans and Italians. But their wings or squadrons were made up of their *allies*, who were foreigners.

Æneid 12. Lines 100, 101, 102.

At this a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks, by turns, with white and red.

}

Amata, ever partial to the cause of Turnus, had just before desired him, with all manner of earnestness, not to engage his rival in single fight; which was his present resolution. Virgil, though in favour of his hero, he never tells us directly, that Lavinia preferred Turnus to *Æneas*, yet has insinuated this preference twice before. For mark, in the 7th *Æneid*, she left her father, who had promised her to *Æneas*

without asking her consent : and followed her mother into the woods, with a troop of Bacchanals, where Amata sung the marriage song, in the name of Turnus ; which if she had disliked, she might have opposed. Then in the 11th *Æneid*, when her mother went to the temple of Pallas, to invoke her aid against *Æneas*, whom she calls by no better name than Phrygius *Prædo*, Lavinia sits by her in the same chair or litter, *juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo,*
—— *Oculos dejecta decoros.* What greater sign of love, than fear and concernment for the lover ? In the lines which I have quoted she not only sheds tears, but changes colour. She had been bred up with Turnus, and *Æneas* was wholly a stranger to her. Turnus in all probability was her first love ; and favoured by her mother, who had the ascendant over her father. But I am much deceived, if (besides what I have said) there be not a secret satire against the sex, which is lurking under this description of Virgil, who seldom speaks well of women : Better indeed of Camilla, than any other ; for he commends her beauty and valour, because he would concern the reader for her death. But valour is no very proper praise for womankind ; and beauty is common to the sex. He says also somewhat of Andromache, but transiently : and his Venus is a better mother than a wife, for she owns to Vulcan she had a son by another man. The rest are Juno's, Diana's Dido's, Amata's, two mad prophetesses, three harpies on earth, and as many furies under ground. This fable of Lavinia includes a secret moral ; that

women in their choice of husbands, prefer the younger of their suitors to the elder ; are insensible of merit, fond of handsomness ; and, generally speaking, rather hurried away by their appetite, than governed by their reason.

Line 1191, and 1192.

*This let me beg, (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself, and for your father's land, &c.*

The words in the original are these, *pro latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum*. Virgil very artfully uses here the word *majestas*, which the Romans loved so well, that they appropriated it to themselves. *Majestas populi Romani*. This title applied to kings, is very modern, and that is all I will say of it at present : though the word requires a larger note. In the word *tuorum*, is included the sense of my translation, *Your father's land* : because Saturn, the father of Jove, had governed that part of Italy, after his expulsion from Crete. But that on which I most insist, is the address of the poet, in this speech of Juno. Virgil was sufficiently sensible, as I have said in the preface, that whatever the common opinion was, concerning the descent of the Romans from the Trojans ; yet the ancient customs, rites, laws, and habits of those Trojans were wholly lost, and perhaps also that they had never been : and for this reason, he introduces Juno in this place, requesting of Jupiter, that no memory might remain of Troy (the town she hated) that the people hereafter should not be called Trojans, nor retain any thing which be-

longed to their predecessors. And why might not this also be concerted betwixt our author and his friend Horace, to hinder Augustus from rebuilding Troy, and removing thither the seat of empire, a design so unpleasing to the Romans? but of this I am not positive, because I have not consulted d'Acier, and the rest of the criticks, to ascertain the time in which Horace writ the Ode relating to that subject.

Line 1224, and 1225.

*Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,
Three sisters at a birth, were born to Night.*

The father of these, (not here mentioned) was Acheron: the names of the three, were Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They were called Furies in hell, on earth Harpies, and in heaven Diræ: two of these assisted at the throne of Jupiter, and were employed by him, to punish the wickedness of mankind. These two must be Megæra, and Tisiphone: not Alecto, for Juno expressly commands her to return to hell, from whence she came; and gives this reason:

*Te super Ætherias errare licentiùs auras,
Haud pater ipse velit summi regnator Olympi:
Cede locis.*

Probably this Dira, un-named by the poet in this place, might be Tisiphone; for though we find her in hell, in the sixth Æneid, employed in the punishment of the damned,

*Continuo fontes ultrix accincta flagello
Tisiphone quatit insultans, &c.*

Yet afterwards she is on earth in the tenth *Æneid*, and amidst the battle, *Pallida Tisiphone media inter millia sævit*. Which I guess to be Tisiphone, the rather, by the etymology of her name; which is compounded of *Τίσω* *ulciscor*; and *Φόνος* *cædes*. Part of her errand being to affright Turnus with the stings of a guilty conscience; and denounce vengeance against him for breaking the first treaty, by refusing to yield Lavinia to *Æneas*, to whom she was promised by her father, and consequently, for being the author of an unjust war; and also for violating the second treaty, by declining the single combat, which he had stipulated with his rival, and called the gods to witness before their altars. As for the names of the harpies, (so called on earth) Hesiod tells us they were Iris, Aello, and Ocypete. Virgil calls one of them Celæno: this I doubt not was Alecto; whom Virgil calls in the third *Æneid*, *Furiarum maxima*: and in the sixth again, by the same name — *Furiarum maxima, juxta accubat*. That she was the chief of the furies, appears by her description in the seventh *Æneid*: to which, for haste, I refer the reader.

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TO THE

PASTORALS.

BY MR. POTTER.

N. B. *The Subject of each PASTORAL may be seen by the ARGUMENT.*

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By MR. POTTER.

N. B. *The Subject of each GEORGIC may be seen
by the ARGUMENT.*

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GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

GEORGICS.

The GEORGICS comprehend a System of the most material branches of AGRICULTURE, and RURAL ARTS; under four distinct heads: *viz.* TILLAGE; PLANTING; KNOWLEDGE of ANIMALS; and the NATURE and MANAGEMENT of BEES.

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By MR. POTTER.

N. B. *The general Subject of each Book may be seen
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Creüsa — — — — —	ii	813
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Cupavo — — — — —	x	268
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By MR. POTTER.

N. B. *The first Number marks the Book, the second the Verse.*

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THE great Moral of the *Æneis*, is *pious resignation* and its rewards; which is pursued through the whole fable.

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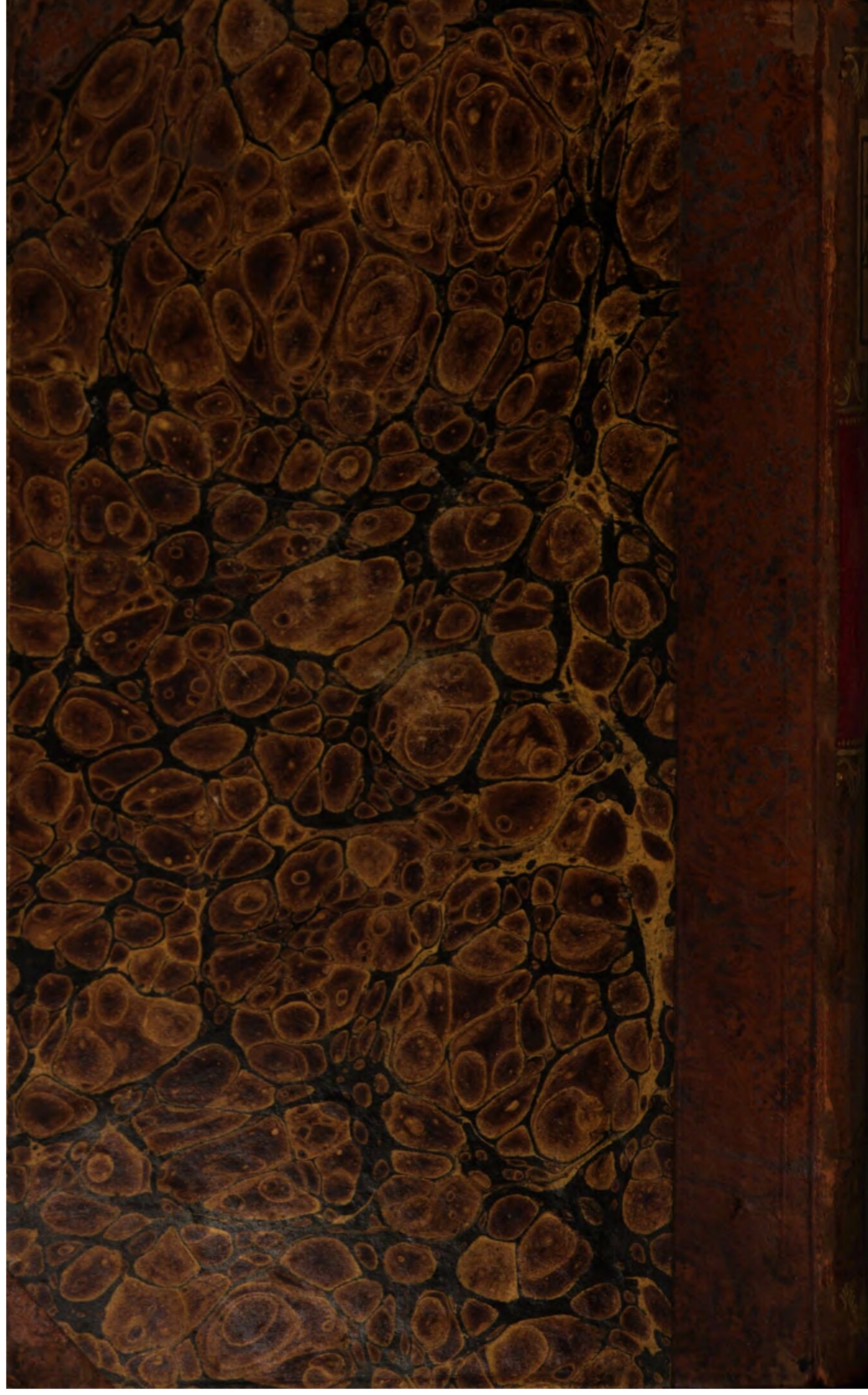
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F I N I S.

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